

OCTOBER 1964

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-EIGHT, NUMBER FOUR

CELL 772, OR LIFE AMONG THE EXTREMISTS

WILLIE MORRIS

THREE TALES: Isaac Bashevis Singer

ON BECOMING A WRITER: Ralph Ellison

THE NEW ITALY & ITS POLITICS: H. Stuart Hughes

THE MASADA DIG: Daniel Gavron

MORTAL STATISTICS: Kathleen Nott

THE JACOBS AFFAIR: Alfred Sherman

IDEOLOGY—A DEBATE: Daniel Bell Henry David Aiken

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Malcolm Muggeridge

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

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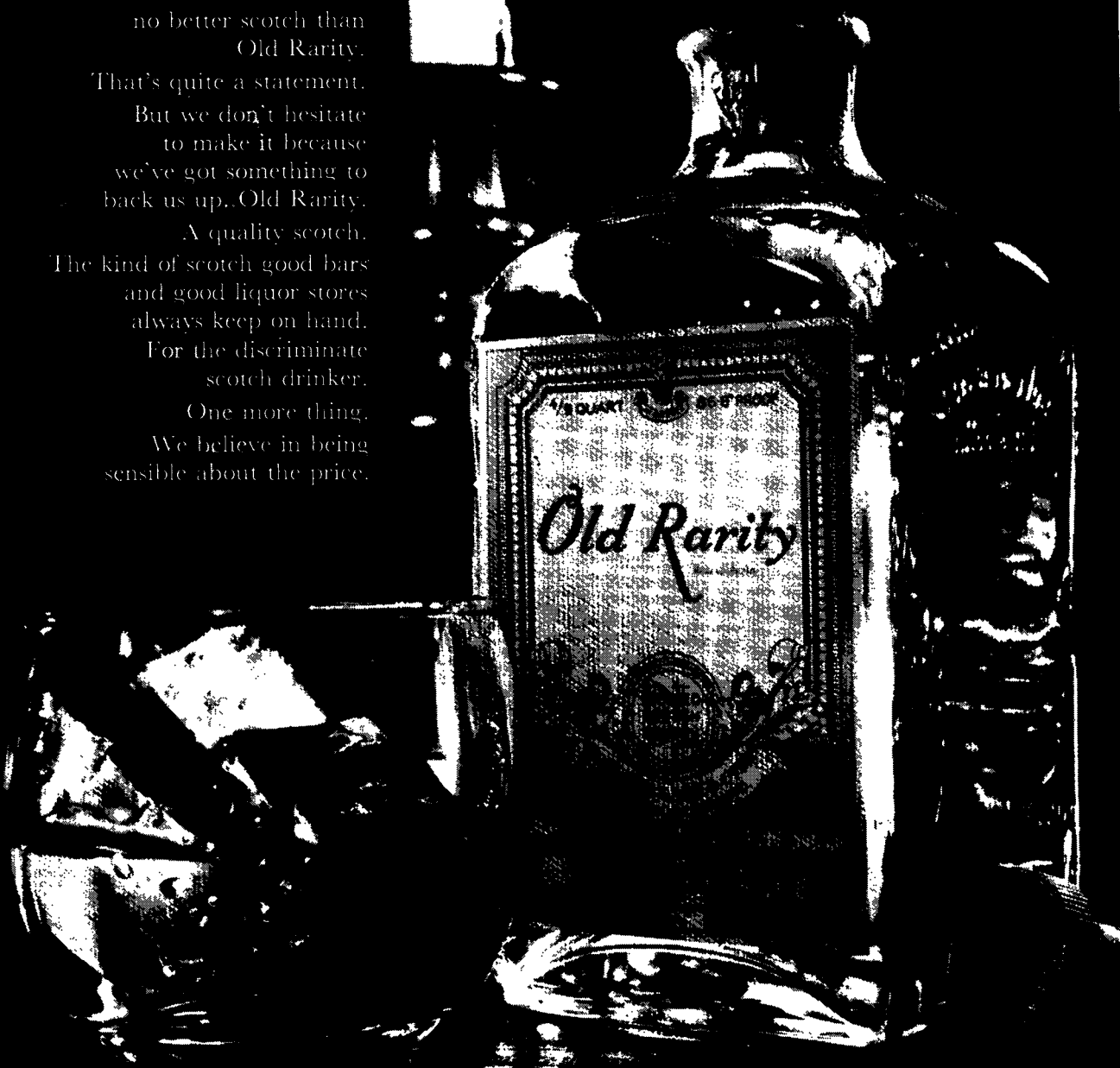
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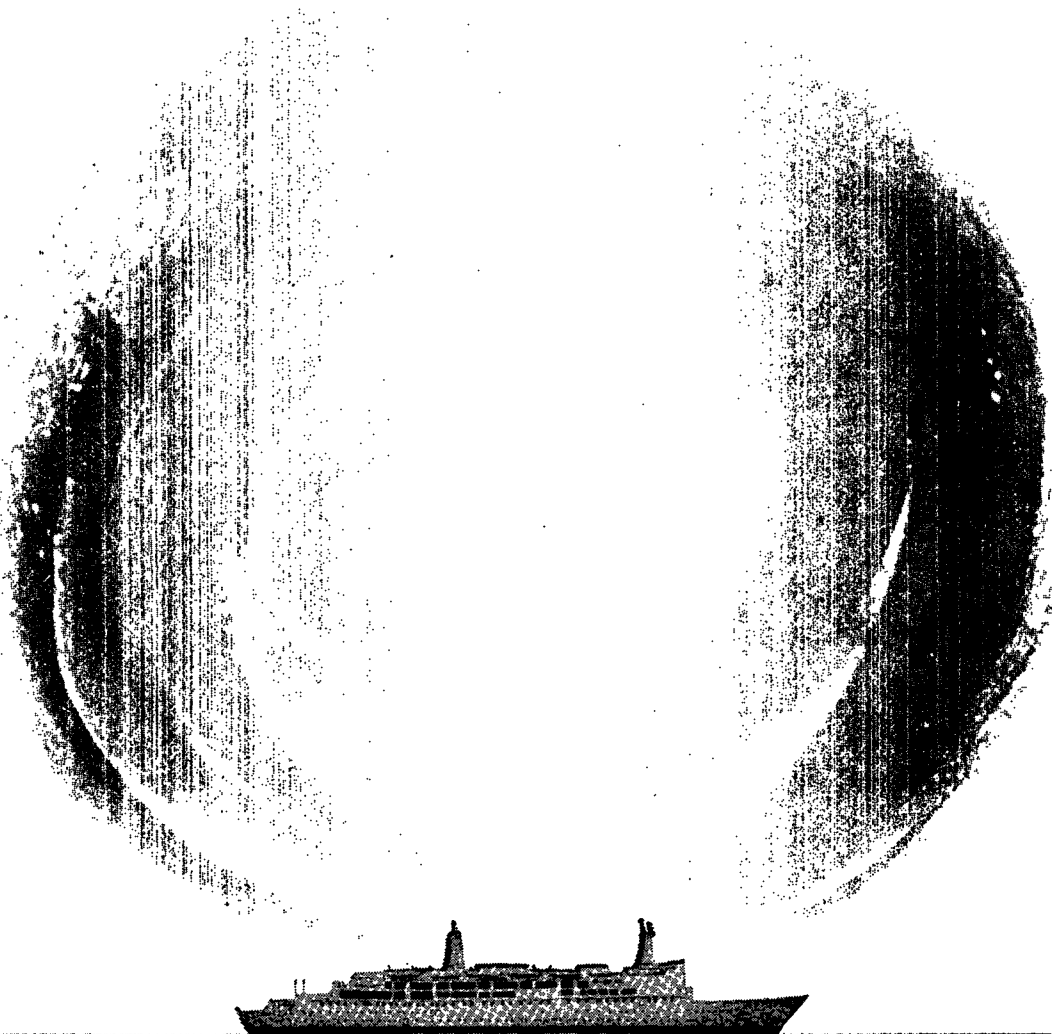
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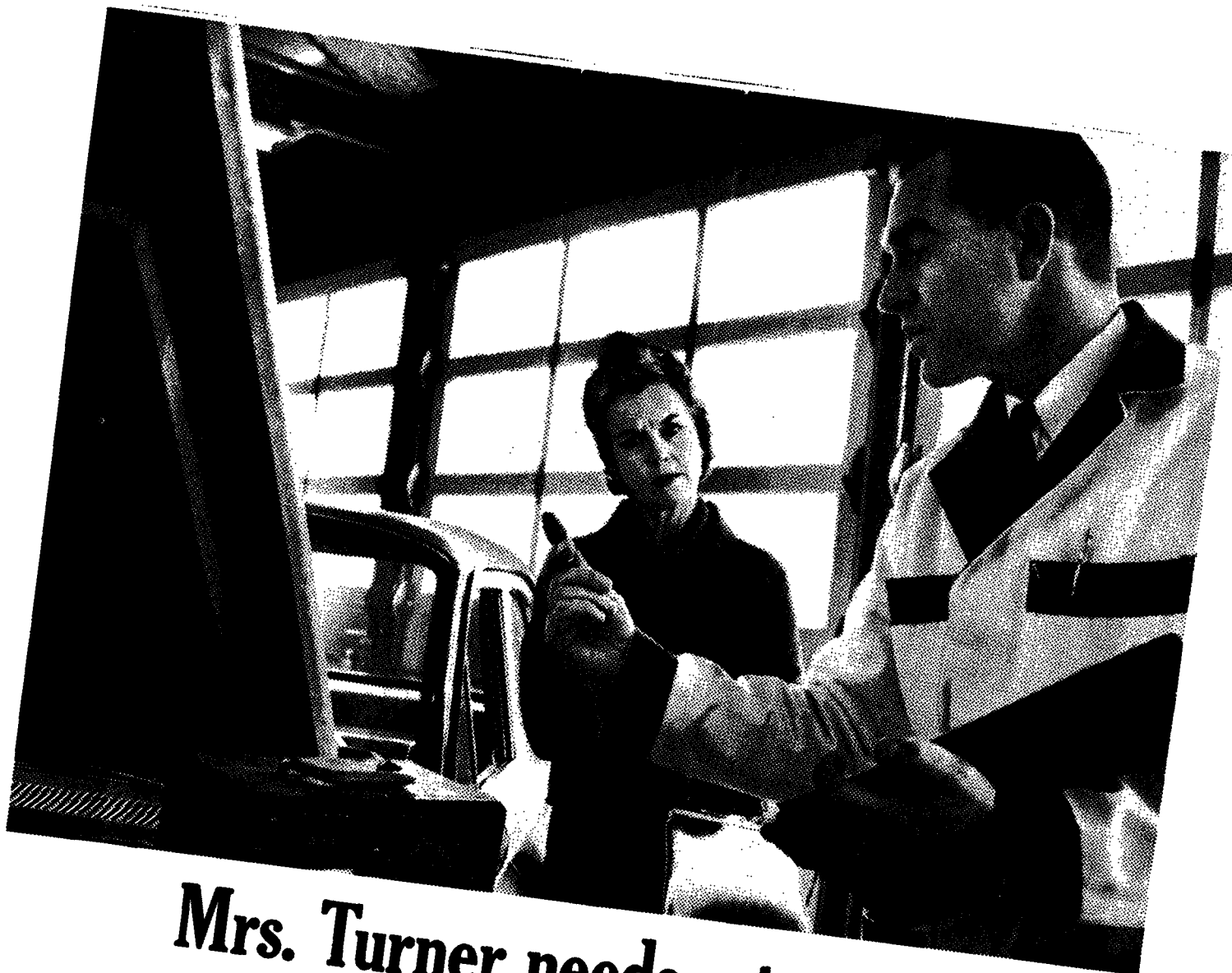
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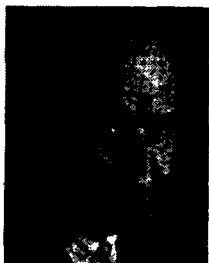


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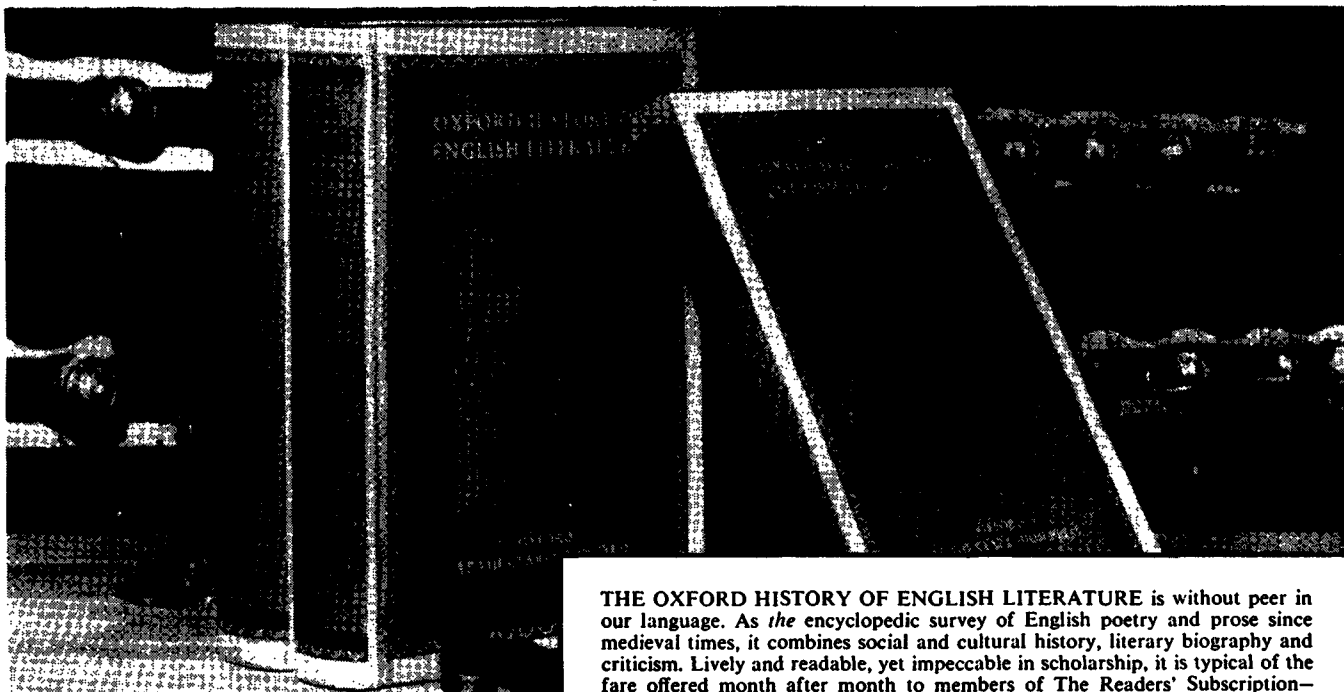
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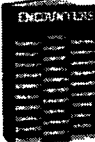
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LETTERS FROM READERS

Dr. Strangelove

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter seems to be one of those critics who resent a genuine whopping success ["The Strangely Polite *Dr. Strangelove*," May]. . . . What seems to annoy her in particular is that the *New York Review of Books* and *Life* can agree on anything. Brustein, as a representative of those who think and *analyze*, should know better! . . .

What is the "conventional political piety" in *Dr. Strangelove* that Miss Decter is protesting? "No liberals are ridiculed in this 'anarchic' movie," she writes. "Nor was Kubrick quite daring enough to have risked portraying his nuclear strategist as a Jew."

I have no desire to shield liberals—or Jews—from their contemporary responsibilities, but has Miss Decter considered the possibility that the world of *Dr. Strangelove* is no longer a liberal world and that this might be one of the depressing notions we are left with? No doubt liberals are responsible in part for having created the world of *Dr. Strangelove*, but . . . art can't be about everything. . . .

RAY HALPERN

Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . To view *Dr. Strangelove* as a succession of gags is to miss the comic essence of the picture by about a light-year. . . . Miss Decter demands to know why *Dr. Strangelove* is so polite in its choice of enemies. Why, for instance, are no liberals ridiculed? Why is Sterling Hayden not only crazy, but right-wing crazy? Why is George C. Scott as an Air Force Chief of Staff not only sappy, but sappy on the side of established military power? And why, she thunders, is not the nuclear strategist portrayed as a Jew? Why does he have to be a Nazi, rather than a Jewish refugee from Nazism, when in fact so many real-life nuclear strategists fall into the latter category? . . . "Everyone, after all," writes Miss Decter, "is against psychotic generals and Nazis."

Well, perhaps that is how it is in Miss Decter's circle. . . . But if I had a dollar for every person in every other circle who is not

against psychotic generals and Nazis. . . .

Why, indeed, didn't Kubrick portray *Dr. Strangelove* as a Jew? Is it because, as Miss Decter implies, he was chicken, or grinding a partisan ax? Is it because he was determined to destroy the verisimilitude of the character—or the fantasy of the film? Or is it for the same reason that Charlie Chaplin, in *The Great Dictator*, did not portray Adolf Hitler as a Negro Baptist? . . .

A little bit of honest instinct, it seems, is just as dangerous as a little bit of knowledge. . . . I congratulate Miss Decter for saying all the right things for all the wrong reasons. . . .

ROBERT BOBROW

Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The atmosphere of fantasy which Midge Decter seemed to see as the predominant mood of the movie, essential to the "comic force" (who sees it as a comic movie anyhow?) is only half the point. The force of the movie is in the jolting back and forth from reality to fantasy time after time. . . . What is happening before us is possible, and yet fantastic. Sterling Hayden is more terrifying precisely because he does not *look* insane to us. He has committed an insane act, he has an insane point of view, yet his face and his demeanor, even some of his concerns seem plausible, until you get to the "body fluids." . . . The realistic nature of the "war" scenes, achieved by means of the hand-held camera, is important, because it makes for the same effect. . . . This movie raises the most important questions by employing satire in a manner worthy of Jonathan Swift. However, maybe it doesn't succeed after all; if Midge Decter didn't dig it, perhaps few others did either.

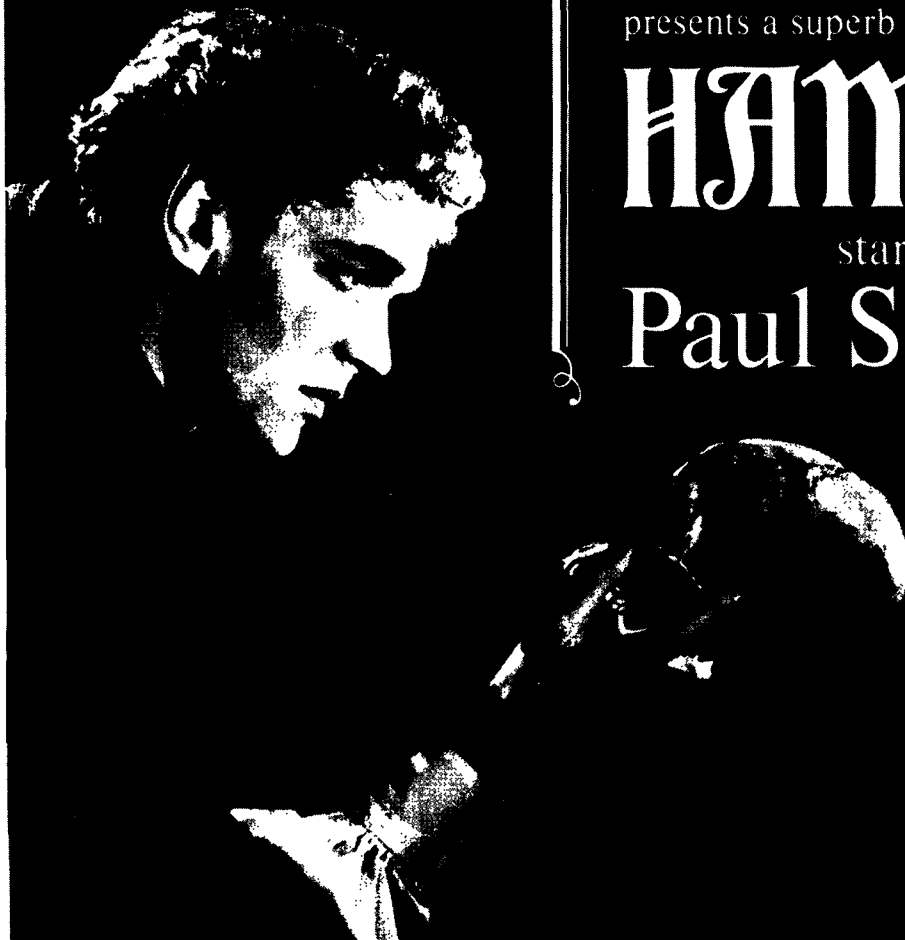
ANNE M. STADLER

Seattle, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . If *Dr. Strangelove* was "enjoyable" to anybody, I failed to observe it in the theater I attended. Occasionally, there was a spurt of churlish laughter, but most of those around me squirmed restless-

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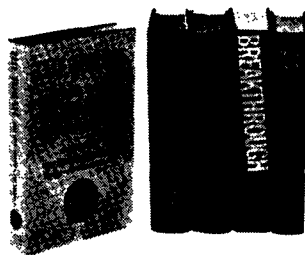
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ly. Watching the film, I felt as I had when pictures of Hitler used to be flashed on the screen years ago. . . .

It is easy to understand the depression people felt when it was over. More than strange, the movie is completely loveless. . . .

MARIA SOKOLOV
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While *Dr. Strangelove* does aim a good deal of its satire at “easy targets” like psychotic generals and Nazis, at the end of the film “sappy” General Turgidson’s psychosis seems to be partially justified: the Russian ambassador *does* carry a concealed camera. . . . This, of course, does not make Turgidson or his colleague, Jack D. Ripper, any less ridiculous. But it does add a quality of complexity, which Miss Decter finds lacking, to the political comment. . . .

The depression we feel on leaving the theater is only partially due to “being hurled . . . against an invisible but solid wall of conventional political piety.” I think it is due also to the extreme flippancy, in the *Mad-Playboy* tradition, with which this is done. The easy punning on names, the too blatant irony of the score, the obtrusive excellence of the photography cheat us of a full realization of what is happening. For two hours we do learn to stop worrying and love the bomb. . . .

LEWIS H. RUBMAN
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Miss Decter . . . should re-read her Freud. Norman O. Brown’s *Life Against Death* would also be salutary. . . . For how could she have failed to see that the Eros-Thanatos conflict is the thematic heart of *Dr. Strangelove*? . . . Kubrick, Southern, and Peter George are neither “radical social healers,” nor “tasteless sick-joke makers.” They are artists and social critics of singular talent, condemning our society for its compulsive rush to destruction. . . . The movie is saying that the liberals are impotent and that the conservatives are in love with death. It tries not merely to make us laugh at the unthinkable, but also to make us shudder at it, precisely because the unthinkable is being thought of as a viable course of action. What is revealed in the movie’s final paroxysm of nuclear explosions is not Miss Decter’s “funniest visual gag of all,” but

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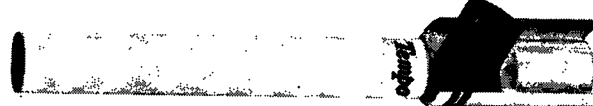
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FRANCIS MICELI
Notre Dame, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Would *Dr. Strangelove* really be a better movie if it did a little liberal-baiting, or is this just one of the conventional pieties of COMMENTARY?

ERIC BENTLEY
Columbia University
New York City

Woodlawn Controversy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Charles Silberman makes many excellent points in his article, "Up From Apathy—The Woodlawn Experiment" [May]. He is an expert at portraying complex situations simply; unfortunately, this is not always a virtue.

It is interesting reading and rather neat history to learn that administrators of the University of Chicago planted an anti-TWO article in the University's own student newspaper (Silberman implies this), and that the article was copyrighted by its student author to protect the University from libel proceedings (Silberman says this.) Yet, this is not what happened, as the slightest familiarity with the Chicago *Maroon's* jealously guarded tradition of opposition to its University's administration suggests.

I wrote the article after my own investigation of information obtained from University and TWO sources—and this investigation was initiated by me, not by the University. I decided to copyright the story primarily to keep *Maroon* reprints out of the propaganda battle being waged by TWO and the University, but also because I thought at the time that it was somewhat courageous for the *Maroon* to print so controversial a story, and I desired attribution if the city press used the story.

Unfortunately, the story's headline was a misleading and extremely yellow piece of journalism, for which I was fully responsible. It was thus easy for Saul Alinsky to win sympathy and support (from Silberman and others) by citing the article as evidence of the crudity of the University's attack against him; he has done this at countless meetings over several years, despite

the fact that I have personally told him that I am fully responsible for the story and its ineptitude, and despite the fact that he is violating both my copyright and the spirit in which I copyrighted the story by distributing reprints of the article as evidence of the University's shoddy tactics.

There remains the inference that I must have been either a University-symp or a University-dupe in writing the story at all, since, according to Mr. Silberman, "The Chicago newspapers balked at running any articles based on the University's dossier . . ." On April 19, 1961, the Chicago *Sun-Times* published a feature by noted housing writer Ruth Moore on the front page of its Sunday edition ("Woodlawn: An Urban Battlefield"), which also used the IAF statement of financial support, a public document, and the only item in the University's handout which I used in my story. (The *Sun-Times* also quoted charges of discrimination made by The Rev. Walter Kloeetli similar to those quoted in the *Maroon* story.) Which is perhaps to say that the subject-matter of the *Maroon* story was indeed legitimate news.

These points aside, I agree with Mr. Silberman that TWO can effectively aid Woodlawn residents in their search for dignity and hope, but I think the organization has reached its present status in spite of the dissension and deceit upon which it was founded, and not because of these.

KEN PIERCE
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to correct a quite unfortunate implication in Charles Silberman's article. Mr. Silberman mentions an article printed in the Chicago *Maroon*, student newspaper at the University of Chicago, which attacked the IAF, and suggests that the editors of that paper took the unusual step of copyrighting the article so as to protect the University from a libel action. Mr. Silberman intimates that the University engineered both the story and the protective copyright.

This was not the case. I resigned as editor of the *Maroon* one week prior to the publication of this article, and while I am in the happy position of not having to apologize for its contents, I do know the circumstances surrounding it.

The attack upon the IAF was copyrighted in the name of its au-

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thor, partly for the sheer novelty involved, partly to ensure credit should the city press pick up the story, but primarily to prevent the University from using the story for its own purposes. The decision to copyright, like the decision to print, was made by the *Maroon* alone: the University was not involved.

I might add that in any case a copyright slug would not provide the protection suggested. Since the *Maroon* is not incorporated, but is legally a part of the University, the University cannot escape liability for the paper's libels, copyrights notwithstanding.

NEAL JOHNSTON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

... As a long-time resident of Chicago ... I think we have to look further for the solution to the racial crisis in urban communities than Charles Silberman does in discussing Saul Alinsky and his Industrial Areas Foundation. ... Where, specifically, are the forty-four communities Alinsky claims he has organized, and what results are visible in them five years after they have been organized? Mr. Alinsky's use of the figure forty-four has continued over many years and does not change when a new community is added. ... In law, medicine, business ... the man who claims that he alone knows all the answers and everybody else is wrong arouses skepticism. Why should we adopt any other attitude toward Alinsky's pretension that all workers in welfare, social service, community organization, and related fields are futile "do-gooders" or incompetents interested only in their own jobs, who should retire when he approaches and let him show how communities should be organized?

How can we preserve democracy in our cities when communities are organized on the totalitarian basis of IAF super-organizations which tolerate no rivalries, which insist that they alone be recognized as the spokesmen for whole communities, which seek to dictate solutions rather than to negotiate them, which manipulate their members by means of "hidden agendas"? How can we prevent the permanent alienation from their neighbors of people of inner city communities when they are organized on the basis of class war, ... which is the IAF method? What happens to churches and to the communities

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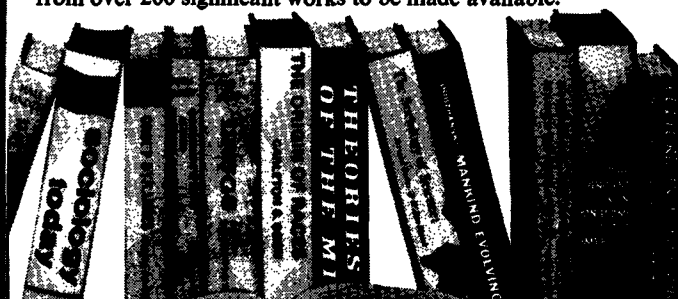
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HAROLD E. FEY
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I do not understand why in the process of informing readers about the amazing work of The Woodlawn Organization, Mr. Silberman feels it necessary to downgrade social work, case work, and social workers. In fact, some of the basic ideas and values he seems to think are unique to this project have emerged from the experience and techniques of case workers. I am referring to the basic case-work philosophy of self-determination, which leads to the client's renewed sense of dignity, worth, and belief in action. . . . I am tired of hearing social work used as a scapegoat for the persistence of social problems and the ills of our public welfare program.

(MRS.) JOANN S. KOBIN
Leverett, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . There is no question that, as Mr. Silberman shows, motivating an individual and a community to self-help is likely to be more effective in ending the vicious cycle of dependency than a program which relies solely on public assistance. What I wonder, however, is how well Mr. Silberman really understands the total problem when he suggests that payments for public assistance are largely wasted, that we have—right now—a feasible alternative to huge expenditures for public assistance, and that we should concentrate our aid on the "deserving poor," presumably letting the "undeserving" starve.

The 1963 annual report of the New York City Department of Welfare gives the following breakdown of its caseload as of December 1963:

Children under 18	274,639	59.6%
Adults caring for children..	69,584	15.1%
Aged Adults over 65	46,845	10.2%
Disabled Adults	45,104	9.8%
Employed persons receiving supplementation	7,518	1.6%
Employables	10,524	2.3%
Homeless (includes custodial care)	6,218	1.4%
	460,432	100.0%

Who are the "undeserving" poor among these from whom our social welfare resources should be withheld? And according to whose judgment and according to what criteria?

To call the "enormous" American social welfare effort a failure, as Silberman does, is justified only if the measure of its success is the eradication of all our social problems. The effort hasn't really been that enormous, particularly when compared to our defense effort, which has also had its share of failures as well as successes. Many of our social welfare programs (day care for children, homemaker service, day centers, and foster-home care for the aged, among many others) have been unqualified successes. Others, including the public assistance programs, have had both successes and failures, but surely we could not do without them. Only those distorted enough to believe that public assistance has created dependency, illegitimacy, and our other social problems, will believe that the over-all effort has been a total failure, that expenditures for social welfare can be reduced, or that any single effort is the final solution to our social problems.

Perhaps, as Silberman said, there has been an obsession with case work: too much Freud and too little Durkheim in the social work profession. Does that justify an opposite obsession? Why is it necessary to view public assistance with a case-work approach and community organization efforts such as Alinsky's as antagonistic or mutually exclusive? It should be perfectly obvious that both are necessary and that even in a community that has successfully lifted itself by its bootstraps, large numbers of people will have a continuing need for public assistance and for help on an individual basis.

EMANUEL H. FOX
Far Rockaway, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Silberman's romanticized account of what happened in Woodlawn leaves many points of fact and interpretation open to question. . . . Woodlawn is not, for instance, equivalent to Harlem either in attitudes or standard of living as the article implies. . . . "Welfare colonialism"—a new cliché—does not describe the situation there unless schools, public assistance, and all public services are to be ruled out as alien. (The claim that a drive on the part of The Woodlawn Organization resulted in the elimination of double-shifts will be surprising to Chicagoans.)

TWO does not represent all of Woodlawn. . . . Unorganized segments and competing organizations provide evidence to counteract the claim of a united front, as do recent editorials in the community newspaper, previously on the TWO side, which has now charged a kind of sell-out. . . .

According to its published membership figures, moreover, TWO does not represent only the local community of Woodlawn. It picks up . . . support for miles around, including Lake Meadows four miles away, a community in the middle-income range. . . .

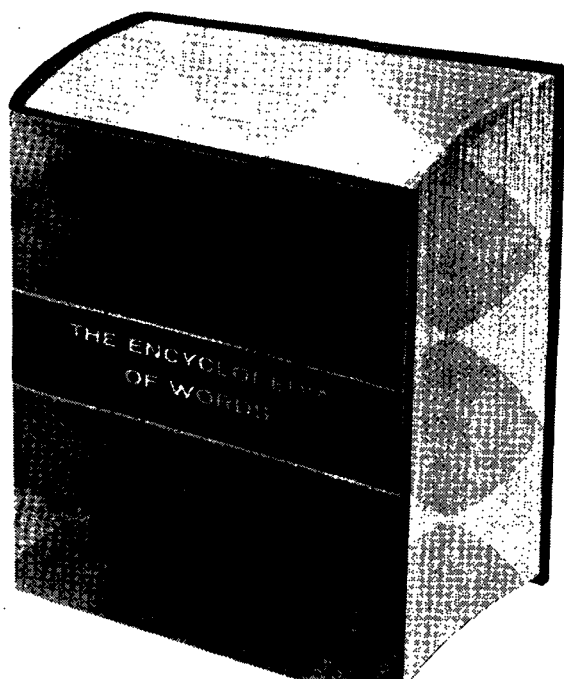
In short, more reliable data are needed before we base great hopes on this highly publicized effort. . . .

ARTHUR HILLMAN
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Silberman does a good job of showing how the University of Chicago's expansion may look from the corner of Kimbark and 63rd, but the wider issues that are involved in this particular case escape him. . . .

Important activities of the government, defense industries, and the private sector of the economy are all starved of qualified specialists. Important social services are inadequately staffed and the percentage of college teachers with Ph.D.'s has steadily declined over the past ten or twelve years. In most fields, only the top twenty or fewer institutions in the country have the physical facilities and staff to train . . . large numbers of Ph.D.'s and other graduate specialists. It is surely in the national interest that these few universities expand their output of such specialists. . . . Yet, many such institutions (including . . . Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and Pennsylvania), are located in urban settings



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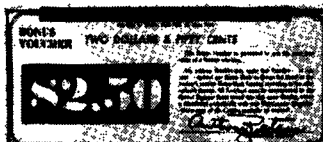
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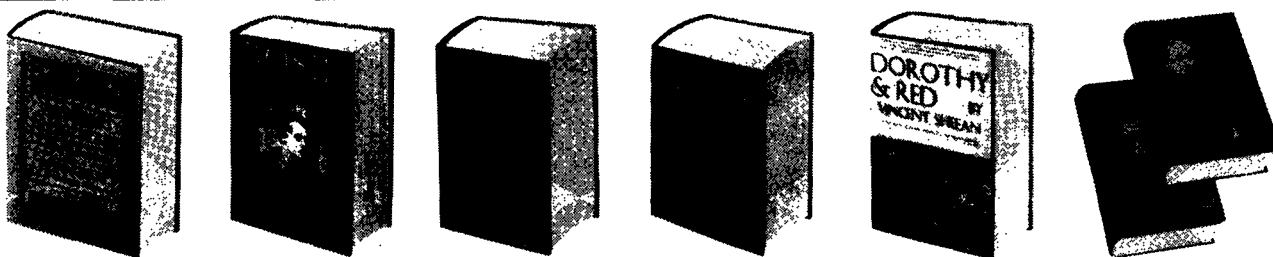
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where normal site expansion is almost impossible. Even standing still is hardly possible when the surrounding neighborhood of the university is deteriorating. Faculty members have left urban universities by the hundreds in the past decade and recruiting new staff has been extremely difficult.

If, then, many of our major urban universities are to perform the services they owe to the nation, they have quite frankly to declare war on their immediate neighborhoods. Neighborhood "conservation" is inconsistent with their needs; they require cleared space for laboratories, classrooms, and student and faculty housing . . . which can usually be obtained only through federally supported slum-clearance projects. Where the local community has refused to cooperate in such clearance (e.g., Harvard) enrollment has not grown significantly in the past fifteen years and the university has no major plans for expansion. Where city government has been cooperative, as in Philadelphia and Chicago, major expansion programs are under way. . . .

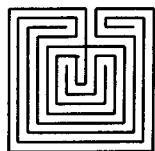
Society has an obligation to provide tenants evicted because of slum clearance with adequate alternative housing at rents they can afford, but it has no obligation to provide them with housing in their old neighborhoods. Least of all does it have any obligation to keep them in Woodlawn, into which, by Mr. Silberman's own account, most tenants have only moved within the past ten or twelve years. . . .

JACOB M. PRICE
Ann Arbor, Michigan

MR. SILBERMAN writes:

(1) It would appear that Mr. Pierce's naïveté remains unsullied by experience. If indeed Mr. Pierce copyrighted his "Church Supports Hate Group" article "primarily to keep *Maroon* reprints out of the propaganda battle," as he writes, or "primarily to prevent the University from using the story for its own purposes," as Mr. Johnston writes, the effort must be adjudged a pitiful failure. For it was not Saul Alinsky who showed me Pierce's article, but the University itself; the full issue of the *Maroon* (not a reprint) was included in a dossier on Alinsky which the University public relations office sent me in the fall of 1961, via a friendly reporter, in an effort to dissuade me from including a section on TWO in an article I was then writing for *Fortune*.

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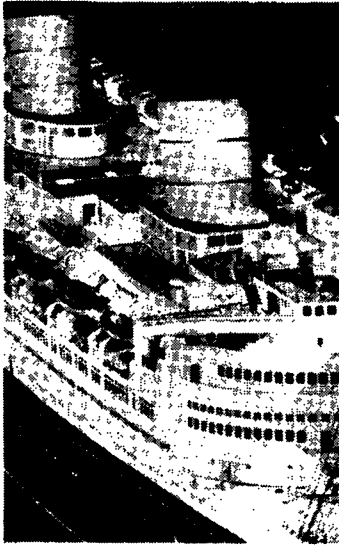
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I don't doubt Pierce's good intentions; but his whole article—not just his headline—was “a misleading and extremely yellow piece of journalism.” Worst of all, Pierce still does not realize that he was used as a pawn by the University in its attempt to discredit The Woodlawn Organization, the Industrial Areas Foundation, and Saul Alinsky.

(2) Dr. Fey asks, “What is the truth” about Alinsky and the IAF, and complains that “no independent study verifies” the IAF claims. But Dr. Fey has been proclaiming his version of the truth for years, without benefit of “independent study.” When Alinsky began organizing the Organization of the Southwest Community, Dr. Fey attacked it as a right-wing Catholic-segregationist conspiracy. He has never retracted the charges, despite their obvious falsehood. So far as Woodlawn is concerned, I had thought I had made an “independent study,” in the course of which I spent considerable time walking the streets of Woodlawn. But if Dr. Fey is unwilling to accept my independence or my judgment, I suggest that he read the article, “Saul Alinsky and His Critics: The Future of Democracy in the Metropolis,” in the July 20, 1964 issue of *Christianity and Crisis*. The author, Stephen C. Rose—editor of *Renewal* magazine and a contributing editor of *Christianity and Crisis*—did make a very lengthy independent study. He found that: “Practically every observer of Woodlawn acknowledges that TWO has implemented grass roots democracy in the area. Dr. Edgar H. S. Chandler, executive vice president of the Church Federation, says this year's TWO convention was a remarkable successor to the town meetings he knew in his New England boyhood.” Does Dr. Fey question Dr. Chandler's independence of judgment? Or is Dr. Chandler one of those churchmen whom Dr. Fey charges with preaching “disruption and disunity”? I presume Dr. Fey must include the entire leadership of the United Presbyterian Church of the USA in that category; the Presbyterians have made what they consider an independent study of the IAF, and as a result have signed a contract with the IAF to train a group of Presbyterian ministers in Alinsky's techniques of community organization. It would seem that Dr. Fey will not accept any study of the IAF or of TWO that does not sup-

port his own conviction that IAF organizations are “totalitarian.” As Dr. Franklin Littell, who lectures on totalitarian ideology at Chicago Theological Seminary has explained, Dr. Fey's attacks on the IAF stem from “a basic misunderstanding of the nature of freedom.”

(3) In regard to Mr. Fox's letter: if existing programs of day care for children, homemaker service, day centers, and foster-home care are indeed “unqualified successes,” I'd hate to see what failure looks like.

(4) In regard to Mr. Price's belief that urban universities “have quite frankly to declare war on their immediate neighborhoods,” I can only say that this is precisely what the University of Chicago has done. But the University has not had the honesty to admit that this was what it was doing; it has obfuscated its actions with a steady stream of pious statements about urban renewal projects being designed to promote integration.

The real question, however, is whether in fact it is necessary for a university to make war on its neighborhood. Mr. Price speaks of faculty members leaving urban universities by the hundreds. But Peter Rossi and Robert Dentler analyzed the University of Chicago faculty turnover figures in their book, *The Politics of Urban Renewal*, and found that: “Despite all myths to the contrary, University personnel remained remarkably stable in their preference for Hyde Park-Kenwood as a residential area. . . . Although faculty and administration became very much alarmed over the changes in the neighborhood . . . they did not translate this alarm into a mass exodus. . . . Only the administrative personnel showed any inclination to leave the area” (italics mine.) To the extent that Chicago lost distinguished faculty, it had more to do with the deterioration of the University administration after Hutchins's departure than with the presence of Negroes in the area surrounding the University.

Converts to Judaism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's essay, “Catacombs and Khazars” [May] is a minor classic. Thoughtful, perceptive, rich in irony and humor, it pinpoints the weakness of Christianity as an emphatically Constantinian culture. . . .

I agree with Mr. Himmelfarb's

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Wife-Swapping in California

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opinion that Jews should not be so reticent about their religion, and should be more willing to proselytize. The first converts to Judaism were made as early as the Babylonian exile. . . .

S. LEVIN
Johannesburg, South Africa

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb may be seeking consolation for the . . . much publicized prospect of "the vanishing American Jew" in the possibilities of Judaization of Africans and Polynesians. But his "historical proof" from the acceptability of the conversion of the Khazars . . . is, I am afraid, extremely far-fetched. In fact, official Judaism—rabbanite as well as Karaite—was apparently far from accepting these converts. . . .

Most of the 10-12th-century Hebrew sources either make no mention of their Judaism (Benjamin of Tudella, Petachya from Regensburg) . . . and express doubts concerning the very fact of conversion (Yehudah ben Barzilai) or, like the Karaites, regard the conversion with indifference or even contempt. . . . Only what is known as the Hasdai ibn-Shaprut letter mentions something about "proud consolation," but this does not concern religion so much as the existence of a Jewish state.

In the 19th century a few Jews in Russia picked up the "Khazar story," not for the purpose of "consolation" but for apologetic reasons, to "prove" their own "birth-right" to Russian soil. . . . Curiously enough, in the last few years the emphasis on conversion to Judaism has been revived in Soviet Russian writings apparently with a tendency to point out the negative traits of Judaism.

BERNARD D. WEINRYB
Dropsie College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It is ironic, as Mr. Himmelfarb notes, that Judaism has made such limited efforts to appeal to oppressed people when its content and history would seem to speak directly to them. One would think, for example, that Judaism has at least as potent and meaningful a message for American Negroes as has Islam. I would agree with Himmelfarb that the answer lies in the failure, not of Judaism, but of modern Jews. How many American Jews, for example, would warmly and naturally accept Ne-

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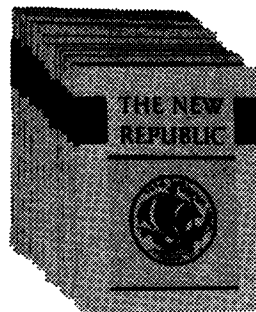
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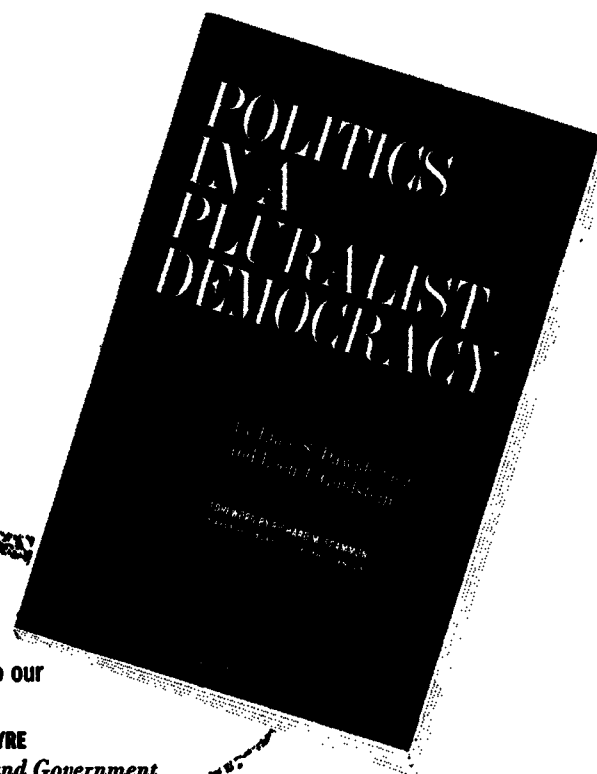
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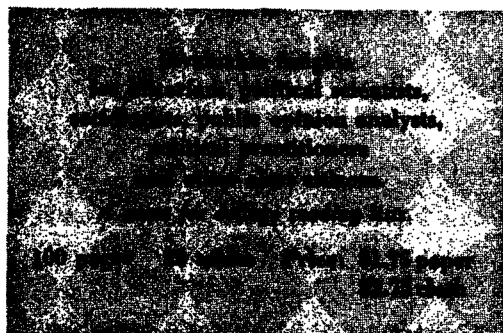


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groes as fellow Jews? The so-called Black Jews of Harlem are made the subject of sociological studies, not responded to as fellow Jews. American Jews, on the whole, . . . seem more comfortable considering issues that can be quantified, and conceptualized in terms that have little or nothing to do with the content of Judaism. . . .

MORRIS EAGLE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A former native of Caucasia, I was very much interested in the article by Milton Himmelfarb. . . . The author mentions the fact that "the Khazars probably chose Judaism out of need and expediency as much as for its own sake." Be that as it may, the Khazars were originally pagans and shamanists, as were their cohorts, the other Mongol tribes and their allies, Ghen-gis Khan and Tamerlane. . . .

In capturing the mountain tribes of the Caucasus, they also included the Dag Jughuts, or Mountain Jews, descendants of very ancient Caucasian settlers, who likely came from Babylon as far back as 3500 B.C.E. It was from these Dag Jughuts that the Khazars adopted Judaism. And when not fighting, they tried to convert the people they conquered to Judaism as well. It was unfortunate, however, that they were fighting so much of the time that they had very little opportunity to proselytize. . . .

LEO DOIKART
Chicago, Illinois

MR. HIMMELFARB writes:

There is a curious omission from Professor Weinryb's list: Judah Ha-levi. The conversion of the Khazars is the narrative frame of Judah Ha-levi's *Kuzari*, the greatest philosophical-theological vindication of Judaism in our literature.

Partial Commitments

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . My fear is not that most readers will be unable to meet Ronnie Dugger's stringent moral requirements ["On Being A Southern Liberal," April]. . . . but that they will accept the inability to be totally committed as an excuse for doing nothing. There are not many white people who are committed to the Negro cause to the point where they are willing to give up their lives in its behalf.

My plea is therefore to the par-

tially committed. . . . (Perhaps for a Southerner, any commitment is total commitment, but this is not the situation in the North.) To the liberals I would ask: . . . Have you done—not all you can—but at least a few things to aid the situation? The first step is a check to NAACP or CORE or a similar organization. . . . The next step is to decide how much of your personal time you can give to these organizations. Persons are needed to make phone calls, draw posters, attend committee meetings, speak to their neighbors, write letters, and in general help influence public opinion. . . .

I must also commend Mr. Dugger for speaking out against the myth of "racial guilt." Guilt is personal. It comes to us not because of what our ancestors did to someone else's ancestors, but rather when we fail to be moral instruments in today's struggle.

LEE THOMAS DENISON
Somerset, Massachusetts

A Note of Discord

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nobody with sense questions a critic's right to his prejudices. Presented with grace, these prejudices give criticism the zest that makes people outside the field read it. B. H. Haggin's detractors, however, are probably not carping about his prejudices per se, but about his capacity to be equally irritating to read whether one agrees or disagrees with him ["On Being a Music Critic," July].

A music critic is dealing with a temporal, collaborative art. More than critics of literature or the spatial arts, he is capable of answering a need in the artists he evaluates, who are aware of the evanescence of their art, and depend on sophisticated listeners to grasp and acknowledge their intentions; to make the necessary distinctions between a work and its performance, and, insofar as possible . . . to give a transitory phenomenon some measure of . . . substance. To perform this service, a critic ought to care more about music than about his exquisite powers of discrimination. . . .

We don't want to hear how Mr. Haggin, while whistling the B minor Mass . . . one day in the summer of 1927, was struck by the great truth that Bach was a fake. We are tired of having him exhort God to reissue Arturo Toscanini,

and we wish he would adjust to the new fangled "improvements" in sound reproduction and quit treating them as so many flashy . . . attempts to supersede the Edison Cylinder. . . .

DIANE H. HEINTZ
Kalamazoo, Michigan

An Exchange

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

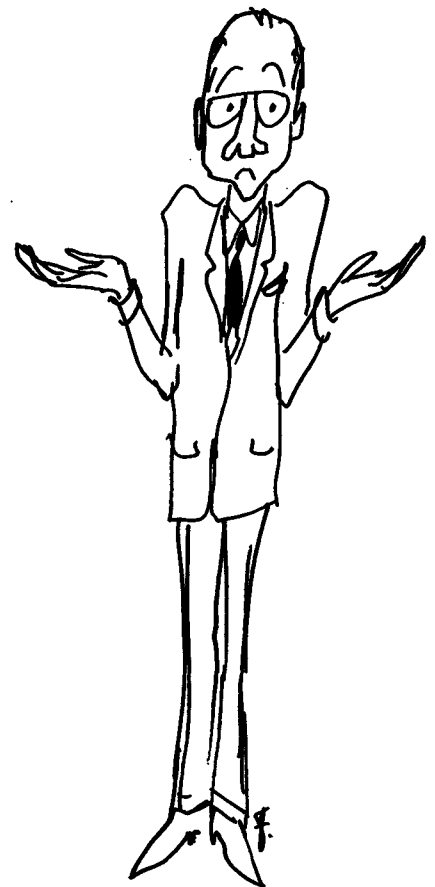
In Jules Feiffer's review of *Mark the Glove Boy* [May], he says "Harris confuses the passion a writer puts into a piece with the minimal attention a reader gives to it."

I do not think of myself as a "piece" writer, and clearly I do not write for the minimally attentive reader. If I did, Mr. Feiffer could have read me better.

On the other hand, his minimal attention does not prevent his actually inserting some sort of character called the Fat Lady into my book.

MARK HARRIS
San Francisco, California

MR. FEIFFER writes:





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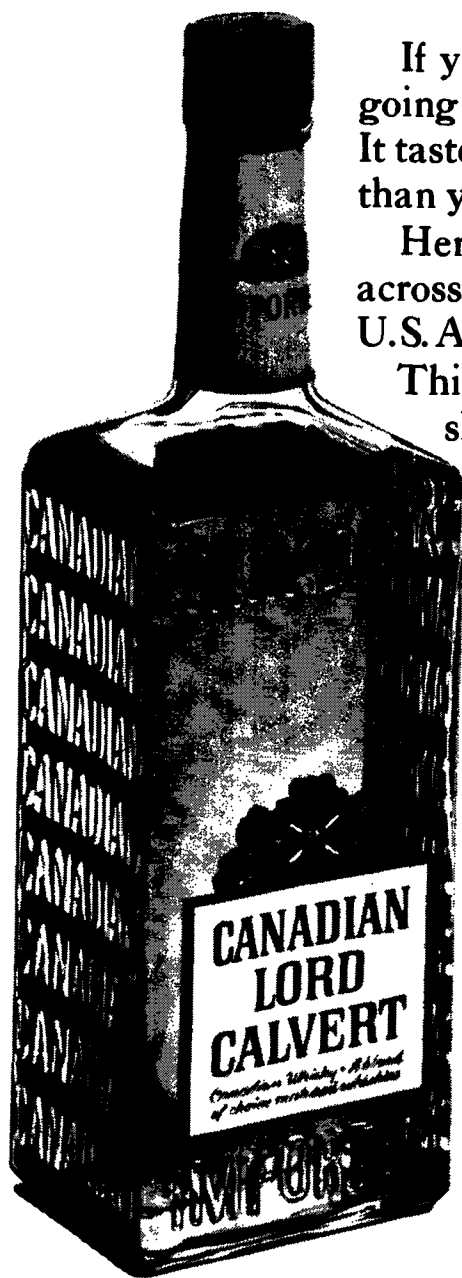
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CELL 772, OR LIFE AMONG THE EXTREMISTS

WILLIE MORRIS

SOON AFTER the word was circularized that President Eisenhower was in the employ of the Kremlin, Senator Goldwater said that all the people he knew who were members of the John Birch Society were fine, decent people. Now the Senator has asked us to consider the proposition that the agitated temper in pursuit of a certain form of liberty will postpone—and God willing even halt—the great republic's decline. I would like to consider this proposition, not abstractly but in its own terms, through an incident that took place three years ago in Austin, Texas, a locale which, in this political season, is an appropriate one. Austin is the most enlightened and sophisticated of our Southwestern cities. It is the site of the largest university in the South and the second home of the President of the United States. Symbolically, it is the capital of the state which Goldwater has exploited as his national base. Without Texas we would not have had a Johnson, and I seriously doubt if we would have had a Goldwater, at least not the same one. Goldwater has spent so much time in Texas in the last eight years that some people believe the state has had three U.S. Senators.

I was living in Austin in 1961 editing the literary-political journal, *The Texas Observer*. At the time, the John Birch Society was flourishing nationally. It was under persistent attack by the Establishment press, sensation-seeking columnists and interpreters, and hence it was gaining daily in adherents. This was some time before the pristine views of the Society were muddled by Eisenhower's denying that he was on the payroll of the NKVD, with a monthly salary and a substantial, if not spectacular, share in the profits. It was also three years before Ike himself caused doubts in the minds of his detractors by unleashing the angry Convention delegates against the deception of Eastern journalists. And three years would pass, too, before the Presidential nominee of a major party would give the Society unexpected respectability by recommending extremism as

a virtue or, to put it another way, exposing moderation as a vice.

ONE NIGHT my wife and I were eating dinner at home in Austin when my phone rang. The caller, speaking in whispers, gave his name as Tom Bunch* and briefly described his mission. He said he needed to see me as soon as possible. We arranged a safe rendezvous in an out-of-the-way roadhouse.

Bunch was a curious young man of about twenty, with a predilection for speaking in cryptic whispers, even when no one was about, for punctuating key sentences with sighs, and for never sitting with his back to a door. He was one of the most solemn people I have ever dealt with. I admit that from the beginning I suspected his intentions. For three days I was wary that he might have been using me in some elaborate campus hoax, perhaps a fraternity plot to make a fool of my newspaper, which, circulating at just a shade over 6,000, could ill afford to lose its honor, much less its head. He pulled out a John Birch Society official membership card, which I examined carefully. He had even brought a sheaf of notes with him, and with an earnestness that would have subdued the doubts, though I suppose only temporarily, of a Mark Lane, he began telling me his story. He said that he had joined the Birch Society out of curiosity. His past was clean enough, and in due time, after serving quietly and diligently, he became a member of a select and dedicated cell, No. 772. This cell had been organized earlier in the year by Jack Bigby—one of the John Birch Society's most trusted and experienced co-ordinators, a man of firm determination and great physical strength—for the purpose of bringing about a full-fledged investigation of the state university. The members, young patriots chosen for their courage and resourcefulness (they were, one might say, a Texas version of a small 19th-century Balkan spy ring), were charged with the job of spying on their professors so that subversion at the university might be ferreted out.

Bunch gave me a list he had made of the other eight student members of Cell 772. He described Miss Ledbetter, an aggressive and wily piano

WILLIE MORRIS, here making his first appearance in COMMENTARY, was born and raised in Mississippi, and educated at the University of Texas and Oxford (where he was a Rhodes Scholar). Currently an editor of *Harper's*, he has also contributed to various other magazines, including the *New Yorker* and the *New Republic*.

* The incident I am recounting is completely true, though I have changed the names of some of the people involved.

instructor who provided the secret meeting place. Cell 772, he emphasized, was not merely secret, it was *super-secret*. He intimated that even the highest authorities up North might not know its every move.

Cell 772 had been working in close cooperation with a business firm downtown, Enterprisers, Inc., a front for the Birch Society. Here a corps of people had been amassing information on supposed subversion and subversive activities at the university. Here elaborate files were kept on private citizens. Here lists of supposed Communists, crypto-Communists, Communist dupes, and liberal Democrats in all the colleges and universities of Texas were kept up to date. But chiefly they had their eyes on the state university itself, which had a library, and whose teaching ranks included many home-grown dissenters and Yankee intellectuals.

Jack Bigby had advised the members of Cell 772 to use pocket-sized tape recorders in lectures at the university. The president of 772, a young man named Judson Chapell, had also informed his associates that they would be aided in their work by two members of the investigative arm of the Department of Public Safety, a sort of boondocks FBI, with a less efficacious technology. State Representative Clarence "Stonehenge" Bailey of Houston, whom President Chapell had identified several times as an active John Bircher, would, in the meantime, push for an investigation of the university by a special legislative committee composed of the "right people." Text-books used at the university were being checked by another special unit within 772, the Group for Book Review, against a master list (supplied by Enterprisers, Inc.) of alleged subversive works.

Bunch had more to say about Jack Bigby, whom he liked to call "the Big Man." At one of the meetings, Bigby had suggested that the cell (or, as they prefer, chapter) members write anonymous letters to parents of fellow students who had been involved in "liberal activities." He had also told them that the Birch Society and Robert Welch were the only answer to the Communist problem and that the front-group tactic used by Communists was most effective. And he had warned the young conspirators several times that no one could be trusted, "not even ourselves." Bigby apparently was also a judo expert, and he had lectured at length at a cell meeting about judo, remarking that he would like to use his judo on some of the sit-in demonstrators who had been picketing movie houses near the campus. When a cell member complained in exasperation one night that perhaps the best way to treat the enemies of the John Birch Society would be to kill them off, Bigby said that might not be a bad idea, but that there were too many.

Cell 772, Bunch further informed me, had been addressed one evening by Dr. Felix J. DeSpain, a leading Birch Society intellectual who, in pro-

fessional life, was a veterinarian specializing in cow skin diseases, with a free-lance practice at a nearby zoo. The cell members had brought Dr. DeSpain up to date on its activities, and he had agreed wholeheartedly with their objectives. DeSpain had just been to Southwest Texas State Teachers College at San Marcos, Lyndon Johnson's alma mater, to get a cell going. There had been a little difficulty. One young man who had already joined the Society turned out to be an atheist. DeSpain finally settled the problem by deciding that the student could still be effective against Godless Communism at Southwest Texas State Teachers College, even though Godless himself.

Bunch later met with another important figure, Mrs. Clara Saxon, at Enterprisers, Inc. Since she had received good reports on his work from other cell members and the adult leaders, she took him into her confidence. She showed him a copy of *Sex and Love in the Bible*, which she said was being pushed by Communist-front groups at the university, such as the YMCA and the Wesley Foundation. At this meeting, for the first time, Bunch was shown the list of subversive educators.

Bunch, together with two other cell members, also met with two special investigators, Burns and Hare, at the Department of Public Safety. The meeting had been arranged by State Representative "Stonehenge" Bailey. The cell members identified themselves to Burns and Hare as members of the John Birch Society. They presented the investigators with certain evidence on subversion at the university. Burns and Hare warned that they could not be implicated in any way, because they were not supposed to mix in politics. They told the cell members that they would provide them with two pocket-sized tape recorders, if, beforehand, they could bring the investigators one "juicy" lecture on their own. Then Burns and Hare took the names of Bunch and the two others and said they would check their reliability.

II

YOUNG BUNCH had told me a tale of enigmatic proportions, elaborately documented by the notes he had taken at home after every meeting. What was I to do with this information? It was quite possible that he was a counter-spy, a sort of double agent, sent out by Bigby.* I therefore determined to proceed with caution. There were two factors working in my favor. One, members of the John Birch Society had persistently insisted that their organization was not secret. Two, one had the word of Texas's

* A later speculation about Bunch proved to be the right one: He was starved for drama, and being also an enemy to what the Birchers stood for, he felt he would get in a few good blows for the Western ethic by being a kind of reverse subversive, satisfying at the same time his sense of the fanciful and remote.

third senator, Senator Goldwater, that all the Birchers he knew were decent and affectionate souls. I had little doubt that I could check out my informant's allegations with such an above-the-table group.

I began with the state representative. One afternoon, during a floor debate in the House of Representatives, I walked over to "Stonehenge" Bailey's desk and sat down. I had met him before on several occasions, and as is the political manner in Texas, our ideological disagreements, which in stormier times might have been the basis for a holy war, were softened by a first-name relationship. "Stonehenge," I asked, "have you heard anything about an investigation of the university?"

"I've heard rumors," Bailey said, "that they're gonna investigate everything from playpens to the UN."

Had he played a role in an imminent investigation? "It's none of my affair, actually in a sense," he said. Well, did he know young Chapell, the president of Cell 772? He said he did not. Was Bailey himself a member of the Birch Society? "No," he replied, with much ardor. "I'm not a member, never have been, and never will be." Well, what was his opinion of the Society? "I am frankly presently trying to form an opinion," he said. "I'm reading the pro's and con's."

NEXT ON MY list were the two investigators at the Department of Public Safety. I phoned Hare for an appointment, and drove out to the large modern building on the Dallas highway. The atmosphere inside was one of muted efficiency, and I wondered how many friends of mine they had on file, what they or their cybernated facilities might know of their politics, their habits, their behind-the-scenes sexuality.

I climbed up the stairs and found the door marked "Burns and Hare." They were sitting behind separate desks in a smallish, cluttered room. Both were big and beefy country boys, I could sense—perhaps from Killeen or Dripping Springs or Pflugerville. Later I would see quite a lot of both of them, back on the fringes of the crowd at campus meetings. I once spotted Hare looking over a gathering that turned out to hear Dwight Macdonald on anarchism; I would not have been astonished to see him walk up to the curious goateed figure and clamp on a pair of silver handcuffs. Later I saw Burns in a crowd of students listening to Norman Mailer, and I wondered what he reported on *that*.

Hare motioned me to a chair, and as I bent over to sit down, I was surprised to see, next to each other on top of a large pile of printed matter, two publications: *The Texas Observer* and *The Worker*. I had never really considered this juxtaposition. It was a strange feeling, seeing one's own byline next to that of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

"I see you have good reading matter here," I said to Hare.

"We read everything out here," Hare said. "In this job we have to keep up with what's going on." Behind his desk in the corner, Burns was doing some paper work, but I could tell he was simulating it. He was very much aware of me, the back of his neck was taut; he was chewing gum, and occasionally he would glance up and look me over. I was rummaging around in forbidden terrain. Here were two Texas country boys accustomed to judging quickly, and not used to changing their minds.

I began by asking if they had conferred with members of the John Birch Society in gathering information for an investigation.

"We have informants, sources of information, and sometimes these sources are in a position of controversy," Hare said briskly. "Because we use an informant doesn't mean we're in sympathy with him." Had they offered the group the pocket-size tape recorders? "Definitely not," he said. "It would be out of order for any state equipment to be loaned to any individual or organization." Wasn't there a question of propriety involved, I asked, when public officials worked with members of a group like the John Birch Society? "As for the propriety of our association with anyone," Hare snapped, and Burns rustled in the corner, "I can't answer that. If we are to do a service to the state, it is necessary to have informants in all walks of life." With that, slapping his hands on the desk, knocking *The Texas Observer* and *The Worker* off their pile into a disarranged ideological jumble, he closed the interview.

JUDSON CHAPPELL, who, according to Bunch, was the president of Cell 772, had a room in a streamlined air-conditioned dormitory near the university campus. When I identified myself, he was quite cordial, but nervous. He offered me a chair and asked what I wanted.

"How long have you known State Representative 'Stonehenge' Bailey?" I asked.

"Not long, actually," Chapell said. "I ran into him at the Capitol. He's a very nice guy. Do you know him?"

"What did you talk about?" I persisted.

"Just all kinds of things. We talked about some investigating committee, some standing committee, but I don't think it went through."

"Is 'Stonehenge' a member of the John Birch Society?" I asked.

"I don't know that he is," Chapell said. "From what I understand, they don't tell who they are. He's the one to talk to about that."

"How long have you been a member?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, I'm not," he said. "I don't know any more probably about it than what I read in the papers."

I asked if he knew Jack Bigby. "I don't believe

I do," he said. I asked if he knew the piano teacher, Miss Ledbetter, who owned the house where the secret meetings were held. "I don't think so."

"I have information that you're president of Cell 772 of the Birch Society. Is that true?" I asked.

"I'm flattered," he replied. "Go on. I didn't even know chapters had presidents." He turned his head and contrived a laugh.

Had he heard about a secret campaign to gather material on subversives at the university? "No," he said, "I don't know what that would be. More power to 'em if they can." Had he been to see Hare and Burns at the Department of Public Safety? "No."

What did he think of the John Birch Society? "Actually, I don't know much about it," he said. Did he believe there was any subversion at the university? "Well, *The Daily Texan*, you know, the student paper. But it's not subversive, I guess, it's Democratic, it pushes the Negro, but I don't know if that's subversive."

I LEFT Chapell's dormitory, found a phone booth on the campus, and phoned Bunch. He was angered by my report of the interview with the president. "He's lying through his hat," Bunch said.

That night, I got another call from Bunch. "I have something that will make you sit up and listen," he whispered. We arranged a meeting at the apartment of a reliable friend.

A large tape recorder was on the table in the room. Bunch, considerably calmer than in our previous meetings, sat in an armchair and explained what had taken place. Sometime after I had left Chapell, Bunch decided to phone him on the pretext that "some reporter" had been around looking for him. On his own initiative, and with his own tape recorder, Bunch had taped the ensuing conversation.

He started the tape recorder. I reclined in my chair to hear this unusual piece of evidence.

Chapell, after a moment of apparent suspicion, told Bunch that, alas, the reporter had talked with him only a short while before.

"He knows everything," Chapell's voice said. "I mean everything, with all the letters capitalized."

The voice of Bunch interrupted: "You mean he knows you're. . . ."

"He knows *everything*," Chapell repeated. "I mean, everything."

"How did he find out?"

"We're working on that now," Chapell said. He then advised Bunch not to tell a single other member of Cell 772 that the news was out. He also warned Bunch to prepare for the reporter, to remain calm when confronted with his startling information, and to feign ignorance.

"Have you talked with Bigby?" Bunch asked.

"Yes," Chapell said after a pause, and then

added in a dramatic flourish, that no matter what happened, "the work of the chapter will go on. He knows I was lying. He'll know you're lying, but lie anyway. He'll publish our names, but the work will go on. One other thing," the president warned. "When you want to talk with me, come over here personally. Don't talk on this phone. We have reason to believe it's, you know. . . ."

There was a momentary silence on the tape.

"Tapped?" Bunch whispered, incredulously.

"Yes," the president said.

Bunch turned off the recorder. He sat down in his chair, glancing my way with a bemused expression. "Now what do you think?" he asked.

But that was not all. He had more evidence. He had spent part of the afternoon downtown at Enterprisers, Inc. The people down there, he said, had told him that the pending investigation was just a matter of time. He also reported that the workers at Enterprisers, Inc. had just sent to the House Un-American Activities Committee for information on three university professors: one in economics, one in government, one in philosophy. He then reached into a folder and withdrew a copy of a list of eleven "subversives" in Texas colleges, which he had helped type out that afternoon. A well-known writer whom I knew was included. Under each name was a detailed list of the man's activities.

Then he produced another document, an information blank which members of Cell 772 were using in tabulating subversion at the university. Here it is:

Faculty

- A. Sources of Documentation
- B. Test of Socialist-Communist sympathizers
- C. Listed Citations

Courses

- A. Emphasis on Keynes-Socialist Principles & Philosophy
- B. Lack of courses on Americanism
- C. Student Comments on Course Contents
- D. Ridicule of Christian Doctrine

Textbooks

- A. List of textbooks each item to set out
 - 1. Author, title, publisher, date
 - a. Author's known activities

Student Organizations

- A. Official
- B. Unofficial thru YMCA, Unitarian Church, Christian Faith and Life Community

Daily Texan

- A. Clippings
- B. Irresponsibility
 - 1. Staff
 - 2. Faculty Advisors
 - 3. Illustration of JBS letter complete falsification

It was now midnight. I resolved that the following day I would talk with Mrs. Clara Saxon at Enterprisers, Inc., Dr. Felix DeSpain, and ultimately Jack Bigby himself. It would be a signifi-

cant day. Wrapping my black cloak about me, I carried my speculations home, and foregoing Seymour Martin Lipset, I put myself to sleep reading Conan Doyle's "The Red-Headed League."

III

EARLY THE next afternoon, after the morning session of the legislature, I got in my car, doing three loops around the Capitol to make sure I was not being tailed, and drove to Enterprisers, Inc., which occupied a ground-floor office near the city's most prosperous hotel. From the outside it seemed eminently respectable, a prototype of a solid bourgeois undertaking.

I walked inside and was greeted by the noise of several typewriters. I asked a young lady behind the front desk if I could see Mrs. Clara Saxon.

As I was ushered into her private office, Mrs. Saxon gave me a warm welcome. She was a large, lively lady who seemed about my size, though when I reflected on her in hindsight, I concluded that she must have outweighed me by roughly one stone. I weighed approximately 175 at the time, and was not in bad condition, but I think on a careful weighing she would have tipped the scales, with the heavy dangling earrings not included, at approximately 190. She had an animated manner, seemed well-coordinated, and was altogether cordial. I was not certain I had the proper lady.

She invited me to sit down. "Mrs. Saxon," I asked, "what kind of business is Enterprisers, Inc.?"

"Well," she replied, "the list on the window outside describes it. We're a bookkeeping service."

I wrote her remark in my notebook. "What do you want this for?" she suddenly asked.

I explained that it was merely a routine inquiry. Then I tried to take her guard down. "Mrs. Saxon, how long have you been a member of the John Birch Society?"

She was absolutely furious. "I haven't such information," she replied, growing red in her face, the earrings tinkling faintly against her earlobes. Yet for some reason she managed a contorted smile, which only served to emphasize her rising anger.

"You're not a member, then?"

"No."

"Do you know a young man named Judson Chapell, the president of Cell 772?"

"No!" she shouted. "What is all this about? This is no business of yours!"

"I have reliable information," I said, "that your business is a front for the John Birch Society. Is that true?"

"Well, isn't this something!" she exclaimed. "This is a bookkeeping business." She was in a state of extreme agitation, but I gave her credit

for trying to control herself. She obviously did not want to mug a reporter on her home grounds. "Look," she said, "I am very busy. I have a job I have to finish today. I'll have to ask you to leave." She stood up.

"Can I see you later this afternoon, then?" I asked. No. "Tonight?" No. "Tomorrow?" No. "Day after tomorrow?" No. The lady never wanted to see me again.

Glancing at a table to my right, I noticed at that moment about a dozen copies of a book entitled *The Life of John Birch* by Robert Welch. "What is this?" I asked. At this point, Mrs. Saxon, the kindly matron of a few moments before, began pushing me toward the door. She came at me from the left flank. "Let me have those notes you took," she shouted, and grabbed for my notebook, tearing a page. Retaining a manly grasp on it, I retreated toward the entrance. The girls in the office, intrigued by these gymnastics, stopped typing, and in the silence Mrs. Saxon glowered at me from her doorway. She could have been a Russian female discus-thrower. I left.

THE NEXT person on my list was the veterinarian, Dr. Felix J. DeSpain. I had had some dealings with DeSpain a couple of months before, soon after the Birch Society had burst forth on the national scene. The trouble with DeSpain was not that he did not talk, but that it was impossible to get him to stop once he had started. He not only admitted that he was a member of the Society, he discoursed unendingly about why he was. One could not get within close range when he was heated up and going strong; a fine misty rainfall of saliva reinforced his ideological contortions, and one worried about radioactivity. At the time he had praised Senator Goldwater as a great man, but he believed Robert Welch was greater. He had called the editors of *Time* "a bunch of pinks" and apologists for socialism. "Like the New York Times," he had said. "Would anyone say they're not soft on Communism? Wouldn't you say they're soft on Communism?" he asked me.

"I think there might be some question," I had answered, arguing that most of its reporters were our fellow Southerners, and that its managing editor, like myself, was a Mississippian. No Mississippian, I said, had ever been caught in the act of subversion.

"Oh my God! We have clippings and clippings where they definitely agree with the *Daily Worker*!" What had disturbed him the most, however, was the extent to which the Fabians had taken over the country. "Fabianism is going to the same goal as Marxism. They're all going to Chicago, except on different routes—one on Route 15, the other on Route 12."

I reached DeSpain's office, and he was available. We retired to a back room, full of scalpels and hypodermics.

"Doctor," I asked, "is the Birch Society a secret organization?"

"There's nothing secret about it at all," he answered enthusiastically. "The only thing secret about it is this—the United States has gone so far to the left in socialism and Communism, and the newspapers are always ready to treat us unfairly, the minute the news gets out that you belong to the John Birch Society, the papers will write it up." The only secret aspect, he said, was not to disclose the names of other members—"to prevent any member from being harassed through reprisal."

Was the local Birch Society doing anything secret these days, I asked? The doctor said they were writing letters to Congressmen, that sort of thing. "Some lunkhead in Washington called it a fascist organization. But we don't want totalitarianism of any kind—Communist or fascist. We just want good conservative Jeffersonian democracy."

How long had the local Birch Society been secretly gathering material on "subversion" at the university? "I didn't know it was going on," he said, a little apprehensive now. "You see, we have several chapters here—twenty-six in all. One chapter never knows what another's doing."

How long had Bigby been a Bircher? "Oh, he was a charter member. We were in the first chapter together." "How long has Mrs. Saxon over at Enterprisers, Inc. been a member?" "Oh, she was one of my chapter members," he replied. "We were in the original chapter in Austin." Had he been to a meeting of Cell 772 at the piano teacher's? "No, we don't attend other meetings," he said. Had he attended any other meetings? "Yes," he said. Where? "I can't tell you where. I could, but I won't." Did he know about the plan to tape-record university lectures? He said no. "Even if they are, I don't see anything wrong with it. The Communists make a great to-do about the citizen going out and bringing in information on other citizens working against the state. Do you see anything wrong with it?" By this time we had walked to the front door and were standing on the porch in the sunlight. "Well, Doctor," I said, "do you think secret recordings would be, you know, hitting below the belt?"

"I certainly don't," he said, jabbing my shoulder blade with his hand. "Look, my son is going to be at the university next year, and I think it'd be a good thing for him to do something like that. If they *are* brainwashing these young people like that, I think a parent has a right to know."

BIGBY WAS NEXT. Bunch had told me that the youth leader was hosting another Birch cell meeting that night; I could imagine the concern which must have seized the local brotherhood. I found Bigby's house, a large two-story place down a dark side street. It was a gloomy night, and there was lightning in the skies off to the west. I park-

ed in the shadow of a pecan tree and waited several minutes, until one by one all the cars had driven away. As I approached the house, rain began to fall softly. A bright yellow light shone on the porch. I knocked four times on the door. Did one need some special password, some designated knock, before he would come? I knocked again. There were heavy footsteps from inside. The door opened, and a tall, very dark, and heavily built man, perhaps in his forties, squinted out. I was sure he had been expecting me, because almost before I could identify myself he motioned me out to a roofed patio in the yard.

I patted Bigby's dog, a grizzly terrier. It was a wasted gesture. Bigby was less communicative than the terrier. He grew more and more belligerent with each question I asked. He would not talk with me, now or ever. He did not want me around, and he invited me to leave the premises immediately. He proved to be the most profound disappointment of the entire venture. It was difficult to see how he could have reached a position of such eminence.

IV

AT OUR FINAL rendezvous, Bunch was disillusioned by the equivocation of his former colleagues. There was no one else to see, nowhere else to go. The investigation was complete, except for the secret files of Cell 772, which had been entrusted to my informant. Bunch escorted me to his dormitory room, and handed me the files. At any moment the other members of the cell, perhaps Bigby himself, might come to retrieve them, but the world had to know. Safe in my study at home, I looked through this staggering collection of evidence. Here are the most important documents:

On April 20, 1961, Thursday, during Speech 803 class, during which members of the class were giving speeches, a girl from Longview, Texas (I believe) gave a speech regarding the subject that the modern male is less useful than in the past. The subject was a critical analysis of the modern male. The girl concluded by saying that even if the modern male was useless, she was glad he was around. At that time, Mr. Foster, the class instructor, asked her if she was glad the male was around because of the reproduction act. Shortly later in the discussion of her speech by members of the class, the instructor asked her if the male was useless how did she plan on continuing the race (humans)? He went on to say that she could use artificial insemination.

Throughout the semester Mr. Foster has taken many opportunities to make obscene remarks in the presence of two female members of the class.

I intend to obtain the name of the girl involved and include her name on this sheet . . .

(signed) Lee Luscomb

Another document:

On April 20, 1961, an English instructor, Mr. Shawn, said to his English 601 class: "The New Testament has some basic inconsistencies. I hope you won't report me to the Board of Regents, but . . . it (the New Testament) is hard to reconcile."

These statements were made to show that the Bible should not be considered in making decisions regarding morality. The subject arose out of discussion of the lead characters of Huckleberry Finn.

I would like to complain about this attempted discrediting of the Bible.

(signed) James L. Moore

Another document contained a list of fourteen "subversives" on the faculty, including one department head, noted across the campus for his conciliatory roles and his Christian activities, who had not uttered a controversial statement in a quarter of a century. A cryptic note was attached to the list: "Check committee who are selecting president of University."

Another document noted:

In the summer session of 1959, Professor Laird said the following in essence at the beginning of the semester . . . "Does anybody in here really believe that the main reason we're here on earth is connected with the hereafter? I don't think so." (Show of hands, about four or five raised hands.) "The assumption of this course will be that the hereafter is not the question of importance, but to establish a world that is best for man's life here."

This Professor Laird made fun of belief in God, and said he doubted the existence of God; and that it was stupid to consider him in organizing the world.

P.S. this upset me enough at the time to write a letter to the American Mercury Magazine—which I may have a copy of at home.

The secret file also contained diverse reports on other lectures: "Trial by jury is feudal"; "federal aid to education is nothing new"; "segregation is not local custom but was forced by legislation"; and more.

THAT VERY night Cell 772 found its spy. When he returned to his room, Bunch told me the next day, four cell members were waiting. They demanded the secret files. He said he did not have them. They invited him outside. The president reached into his pocket and slowly pulled out two dollars, the monthly dues. Handing him the money, Bunch said, the president told him, "We ought to smash your face in." Then they left.

V

FOR QUITE some time after this incident, I watched many other romantic activists at work: retired generals, evangelists, insur-

ance salesmen, ex-FBI-men, renegade leftists from the country club set. At first I was entertained, but finally I grew tired of the whole charade, and became increasingly disturbed by its vigilante effect at the local level, where such activity usually hurts the most. Yet I never ceased to be intrigued by the resourceful view these people have of the world. I once heard a self-proclaimed expert on Marxism, asked when *Das Kapital* was written, reply, studiously, "Before Marx died." At a formal convention of a group known as the Constitution party, out there on that misty terrain where even Karl Hess, Bozell, and Shadegg fear to tread, or do so at their risk, I was solicited to help adopt the pansy as the national flower, and to replace the Eagle with the Mother Hand. I talked with Mr. Bunker Hill Castle about loose and strict constructionism. One speaker, whom I heard on a later occasion publicly challenge Lyndon Johnson to a fist-fight, remarked that a recent Democratic Convention reminded him of "a bunch of drunk Mexicans in a house of prostitution with a credit card," and another commented that "the only person who could be elected President today is a Catholic nigger from Tennessee named Cohen." To my recollection these were the only two attempts at humor I ever heard from a zealous rightist.

Traveling about the region, I was subjected to diverse arguments. There were appeals suggesting a state department in every state to counteract America's centralized conduct of foreign affairs; I would not have been surprised by a plea for local control of outer space. I heard it explained, in so many words, that when Christ expressed the sentiment, "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do," it was a private remark to the carpenters, was off-the-record, and was not meant for general consumption. I followed the trail of that most flamboyant of Goldwaterites, a perspicacious old brickbat named J. Evetts Haley (whose book, *A Texan Looks at Lyndon*, has been something of a bestseller) and his organization, "Texans for America," as they traveled about like the old justices of assize, winnowing the subversive and the obscene from school textbooks. These middle-class patriots intimidated public school officials, successfully promoted major revisions in a number of textbooks, and by proxy recruited a majority of the state House of Representatives to their cause before the intellectuals and professors began to fight back, typically, at the last moment.* Haley and his followers opposed any favorable mention in school

* One lady testified on an economics textbook that it included a picture of the UN building very close to a paragraph on free enterprise. "This layout," she said, "gives the student a mental picture that the UN is the proper vehicle for the defense of free enterprise. The UN is a socialist organization, an equalizer." Another said, "If you think we're a bunch of scared crackpots, you're right—but we're scared of Americans, not Russians."

books of the income tax, social security, TVA, federal subsidies to farmers and schools, and had harsh words for any mention of John Dewey, the UN, the League of Nations, UNESCO, disarmament, integration, and the Supreme Court. They further demanded that publishers remove from their books the names of Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Pearl Buck, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Louis Untermeyer, Charles Beard, Henry Steele Commager, Allan Nevins, and J. Frank Dobie. When Dobie, *paterfamilias* of Texas letters, led a delegation of writers to protest against the censorship movement, J. Evetts Haley called the delegation a group of "fat-heads," "supersophisticates," and "leftwingers." When a professor quoted from John Milton's *Areopagitica*, one lady in his group whispered to another, "Who's John Milton?"

This was a mentality that flourished on its own private evidence, carried to dire extremes: films,* books, pamphlets, and tape recordings. In any of the dozens of "patriotic bookstores" in America, alongside *Conscience of a Conservative* and *Why Not Victory?* one will find, among others, *A Youth's Primer to the Confederacy—What the Historians Left Out; How to Plan an Anti-Subversive Seminar; The Income Tax—Root of All Evil; Why Do Millionnaires, Ministers of Religion, and College Professors Become Communists; or Essays on Segregation*, billed as "a collection of writings by six Episcopalian clergymen one of them a bishop, exploring the Christian foundations for the racial settlement in the South called segregation, and exposing 'integration' as an attack on mankind's greatest treasure, faith in Jesus Christ." After a generous sampling of this and similar lore, one could begin to understand how the brooding and uncomplicated mind, with proper encouragement, might detect subversion not only behind the UN and the TVA, but also the French and Indian War, the Pure Food and Drug Act, compulsory vaccination for smallpox, the abolition of entail and primogeniture, the bank holiday of 1933, the British Reform Act, Red Cross blood banks, the Congress of Vienna, the election of Grover Cleveland, Teapot Dome, and public venereal clinics.

VI

I DO NOT wish to be unfair to the third Senator from Texas, who knew nothing about Cell 772, and who I am sure would be hesitant at any time to solicit pleasantries on a ham-radio line from Bigby, DeSpain, Mrs. Clara Saxon, or, for that matter, Bunker Hill Castle and J. Evetts Haley. Yet the fact remains—and it is almost unbelievable—that under his leadership a major American political party, in the year 1964, not only refused, but refused with ardor and militancy, to adopt a resolution denouncing such people. To understand what this refusal implies,

one needs some prior insight into the nature of the Goldwater mystique. During his ceaseless peregrinations in the late 50's and the 60's, after a typically well-attended speech in the Southwest, Goldwater would usually depart on the next plane out, leaving us fixed residents to live with the curious voltage with which he had imbued our atmosphere. For the truly imaginative of the Elect, he was regarded as the advance man of the Apocalypse; it is difficult to convey the religiosity with which he was embraced. Within hours after his departure the local ideologues would engage themselves and their neighbors in spirited mumbo-jumbos against the United Nations, the unexecuted Hiss, the socialist schemers in the next subdivision, Dean Acheson's striped trousers, American diplomacy in Europe, and, for that matter, diplomacy in general. General Marshall's ghost stalked a thousand suburbias, and hausfraus who had never heard of Harlan, Hughes, or *Marbury v. Madison* cursed the mere mention of Justice Warren.

Richard H. Rovere, in his article in last month's *Harper's*, was impressed by the difference between the "two Goldwaters," between "the agreeable man with the easy Aw Shucks manner who speaks in rightist platitudes but has only a loose grip on ideology," and "the dour authoritarian polemicist" who dominates his books and many of his collected speeches. What Rovere does not discuss in his penetrating essay is the fearsome influence that the combination of these two qualities has had on the hard-shell far-rightists among the Goldwater partisans—those people, and they number in the thousands, to whom the faintest suggestion of comedy, fallibility, or dissent is threatening. Goldwater's direst warnings about the growing power of the national bureaucracy or the insufficiency of our gunpowder supply, expressed in the dustbowl idiom and with the disarming grace of the underwear-design artist, have been the greatest single stimulus to the basically simple folk who prefer the primer to the history text, and the quick-action revolver to both.

I am not referring here to that vast respectable middle-class community, yearning for the lost days of the Articles of Confederation, which James Reston says must be understood for a rounded view of the Goldwater mystique. Respectable they may be, even with many of my relatives, in-laws, and old classmates among them; and their numbers would indicate something gone badly wrong

* One of the most widely circulated of the films was distributed by the political activist group, Freedom-In-Action, and supported enthusiastically by George Murphy, the Republican candidate for the California Senate seat against Pierre Salinger. A doctor who doesn't care about politics falls asleep and has a nightmare; medicine is socialized, farmers await orders from Washington, gas is rationed, the government controls the schools. The man wakes up, FIA goes to work on him, and he wins his precinct convention over the Reds. This is nothing, however, compared with some of the more vivid tape recordings.

with America. But what I find even more intriguing has been the interplay between Goldwater and the professional Goldwater organizer on the one hand, and rigid political fundamentalists like DeSpain and Bigby on the other. It has been a relationship of magnetic affection, and only lately of a most reluctant and tentative qualification. The general aura which surrounds the man has been a prime source of the invaluable sustenance he has given this absolutist mentality: his simplistic view of "good" and "evil," his indifference to the meaning or importance of words, his lack of concern with the real world. Much more effectively than McCarthy, he has encouraged a whole demonology, a veritable Yoknapatawpha of ghouls and adversaries.* The Ambassador from the Strategic Air Command, he has been both symbol to the most ingrown local patriotism and the hero to that quality of mind which Richard Hofstadter, in examining the "paranoid style" in our politics, sees as one of "heated exaggeration, suspiciousness, and conspiratorial fantasy." Hero and symbol, he has been revered in a way that Lyndon Johnson—political practitioner, neutralizer of the factionalist and forever to be suspect for it—never could be.

As editor of the political-literary journal which Hare and Burns read each week, I discovered that one could get along tolerably well with the Goldwater organizers, the pros of the trade, for there is a curious everyday dialogue even in the cynical workings of politics. But it was something else with the rank-and-file, for which political discourse seemed less a way to argue rationally than a mode for registering unchallengeable prophecies and undeniable accusations. One never developed an argument with a typical Goldwater matron, for instance, for the simple reason that to confront her with a perfectly reasonable contention would lead her afield to fancies so irrelevant that one might as well have been talking to an entire backfield, or to the local chorus of the DAR. As for making any contact with the full-fledged mystics, this was impossible; you were subverting them by your presence.

The three elements—the professional politician and organizer, the middle-class partisan, and the

* Of all the statements I have read or heard from a Goldwater enthusiast, my favorite is one by a columnist in one of the staunch Goldwater dailies in the Texas Panhandle. "Among our people are so-called liberals, neo-socialists, crypto-communists, over-educated dilettantes, intellectual charlatans and pseudo-political scientists, posing as public-opinion makers who contend that a democracy and a republic are the same."

nervous activist of the Bigby and DeSpain school—made an interesting *mélange*. The professionals sometimes knew that their activists, when in a state of extreme titillation, could be an embarrassment, but to disavow them would not have been politically wise: they served as a kind of panzer corps, making forays into enemy ground, involved in an endless diatribe that carried Goldwater's own messages to thunderous conclusions, often by merely taking them verbatim and adding their own footnotes. All this could only encourage the vague restlessness to be found among the less frenetic partisans. These respectables, in turn, sometimes being community pillars, by their mild and tacit approval or by their unwillingness to disapprove, inspired a gentler community regard of the battle tactics of the shock troops. In many cities of the Southwest and West, in fact, large numbers of these respectables would turn out for the cold war seminars or the anti-subversive forums to listen from curiosity, and they would often remain to participate actively in the genuflections and blood-oaths which were substitutes for tea and coffee. Goldwater himself, with his careless talk of plots and thievery, has cast a broad umbrella over the *mélange*, broad enough to contain the most basic inconsistencies; when he now accuses Johnson and Khrushchev, for instance, of making private deals on the "hot-line," he is speaking to the consensus.

VII

HAVING LIVED in New York for the past year, removed from the wellsprings of such strenuous disaffection, I occasionally brood on how the nation stays together. The differences in the land sometimes seem too deep for pacific coexistence; we are a great paste-up job. Where, I have asked myself, would I take DeSpain if he dropped in unexpectedly for a visit? A coffee-house in the Village? A publishing conference at Harper & Row? Columbia? The tapestry room of the Cloisters? The Little Church Around the Corner? *My Fair Lady*? Each in its way would be off-limits: only the Bronx Zoo might serve as common ground. The politics of fantasy and the real world face one another across a chasm too vast for any human act to bridge. "Anyone who joins us in all sincerity we welcome," Goldwater said in his acceptance speech. "Those, those who do not care for our cause, we don't expect to enter our ranks in any case." There is solace in that, and much hope.

THREE TALES*

THERE WERE THREE in the circle: Zalman the glazier, Meyer the eunuch, and Isaac Amshinover. Their meeting place was the Radzyminer study house where they visited daily to tell each other stories. Meyer was only present two weeks out of every month; being one of those whom the Talmud calls periodic madmen, he was out of his mind the other two. On nights when the full moon shone, Meyer paced up and down in the study house, rubbing his hands together, and muttering to himself. Though tall, his shoulders were so stooped, he looked like a hunchback. His bony face was as smooth, or perhaps even smoother, than a woman's. He had a long chin, high forehead, crooked nose. His eyes were those of a scholar. It was said that he knew the Talmud by heart. When he was not deranged, he peppered his talk with Hasidic proverbs and quotations from learned books. He had known the old rabbi of Kotsk and remembered him well. Both summer and winter, he dressed in an alpaca gaberdine that reached to his ankles, wore mules and white stockings on his feet, and two skull-caps, one in the front and one on the back of his head; on top of them he put his silk hat. Though already an old man, Meyer had straight-hanging earlocks and a head of black hair. When he was in his sick periods, he apparently didn't eat, but the other half of the month fed on oatmeal porridge and chicken soup brought to the study house by pious women. He slept in a dark alcove at the house of a teacher.

It being the end of the month and a moonless night, Meyer the eunuch was rational. Opening a bone snuffbox, he took a pinch of tobacco mixed with ether and alcohol. He then offered pinches to Zalman the glazier and Isaac Amshinover, even though they had their own snuffboxes. So absorbed was he in his own thoughts that he scarcely heard what Zalman was saying. Wrinkling his

brow, he pulled with his thumb and index finger at his beardless chin.

Isaac Amshinover's hair had not turned entirely gray; here and there traces of red were still to be seen in his eyebrows, earlocks, and beard. Reb Isaac suffered from trachoma and wore dark glasses; he supported himself on a cane that had once belonged to Rabbi Chazkele of Kuzmir. Reb Isaac swore that he had been offered a large sum of money for the cane. But who would think of selling a stick that had known the hand of so saintly a rabbi? Reb Isaac earned his living with that cane. Women who were having difficult pregnancies borrowed it; it was used to cure children suffering from scarlet fever, whooping cough, and croup and was said to be helpful in exorcising demons and dybbuks, stopping hiccups, and locating buried treasure. Reb Isaac did not lay the cane down even when praying. Saturdays and holidays, however, he locked it in the lectern. At the moment it was firmly clasped in his hairy, blue-veined hands. Reb Isaac had a weak heart, bad lungs, and defective kidneys. The Hasidim remarked that he would have been dead if he hadn't had Reb Chazkele's cane.

Zalman the glazier, a tall, broad-shouldered man, had a bushy beard the color of pepper and eyebrows as thick as brushes. Though eighty years old, he still drank two tumblers of vodka daily. For breakfast he had an onion, a radish, a two-pound loaf of bread, and a pitcher of water. Zalman's wife, born crippled, was half mute, and could use neither her arms nor her legs. In her youth, Zalman had transported her to the ritual bath in a wheelbarrow. This broken shell of a woman had borne him eight sons and daughters. Zalman no longer worked at his craft because he received a pension of twelve rubles a month from his oldest son, a wealthy man. He and his wife lived in a small room which had a balcony that was reached by a ladder. Zalman did his own cooking and fed his wife like a baby. He even emptied the chamber pots.

Tonight he was telling of the time when he had lived in Radoshitz and traveled from village to village bearing a wooden frame loaded with glass on his back.

"Are there any real frosts today?" he inquired.

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ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, the well-known Yiddish writer, is a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY. The present story (translated by Ruth Whitman and Cecil Hemley) will be included, along with several other stories that originally appeared in COMMENTARY, in *Short Friday*, a collection of his stories to be published in November by Farrar, Straus. An interview with Mr. Singer, conducted by Joel Blocker and Richard Elman, was published in our November 1963 issue.

"I wouldn't give you two kopeks for what they consider a freeze today. Now they think it's winter when there's ice on the Vistula. In my day the cold began just after the Feast of Tabernacles and at Passover you could still cross the river on foot. It was so cold then, the trunks of oak trees burst. Wolves used to steal into Radoshitz at night and run off with chickens. Their eyes shone like candles. Their howling would drive you crazy. Once it hailed stones as big as goose eggs. They broke the shingles on the roofs. Some of the hail fell through the chimneys into the pots. I remember a storm when living fish and little animals fell from the sky. You could see them crawling in the gutters."

"How come there were fish in the sky?" Isaac Amshinover asked.

"Don't the clouds drink from the rivers? In one of the villages near Radoshitz a snake dropped down. The fall killed it, but before it died it crawled into a well. The peasants were afraid to touch it; the rotting carcass made the most awful stink."

"There are many similar occurrences mentioned in the *Midrash Talpioth*," interrupted Meyer the eunuch.

"What do I need the *Midrash Talpioth* for? I've seen it all with my own eyes. Nowadays there aren't many highwaymen. But in my time the forests were infested with them. They lived in caves. My father remembered seeing the king of them all, the notorious bandit, Dobosh. Everyone was scared stiff of him. But he was only a figurehead; his mother was the power behind the throne. She was ninety years old, and she planned out everything, told them where and how to rob, how to hide the loot and where to get rid of it. She was also a witch and that's why everyone was frightened of her. She'd see someone, mumble a few words, and down he'd fall with a burning fever. You probably never heard what happened between her and Rabbi Leib Saras. She was still young and lusty at the time, a shameless harlot. Well, the rabbi liked to go into the woods and immerse himself in a pool there before saying his prayers. One morning he looked up and saw the Dobosh woman standing naked before him with her unloosened hair falling down her back. When he cried out the Holy Name, a whirlwind caught hold of her and carried her to the top of a tree. 'Rabbi, marry me,' she called out from the branch from which she was sitting, 'and we'll rule the world together.'"

"What a brazen female," Isaac Amshinover said.

"There's no mention of the story in the *Community of the Hasidim*," Meyer the eunuch remarked.

"The *Community of the Hasidim* doesn't contain everything. I had an encounter with a warlock myself. It happened in a forest just outside one of the villages near Radoshitz. It was a clear

day and I'd been toting glass as usual. The night before I'd slept in a granary. But I always went home for the Sabbath. I was walking along deep in thought when suddenly I saw the tiniest man; he was even smaller than a dwarf. I swear he wasn't any bigger than my arm. I looked at him and I couldn't figure out what he was. He was dressed like the gentry in a green coat, feathered hat, and red boots. In his hand he carried a hunter's leather bag. It seems to me that he was also bearing a rifle—you know, the small kind boys carry on the Feast of Omer. I just stood and gawked. Even if he was a midget or a freak, what was he doing walking by himself? I stopped to let him pass by, but he stopped, too. When I started to walk, he walked beside me. How could he take such long steps with such short legs, I asked myself? Well, it was clear enough that he was one of the devil's people. I recited, 'Hear, O Israel,' and '*Shaddai*, destroy Satan,' but it didn't do any good. Laughing, he aimed his rifle at me. Things looked bad, and so when I caught sight of a stone, I picked it up and heaved it at him. The guffaw he let loose made me shiver. Then he stuck out his tongue. You know how long it was? Right down to his navel."

"Didn't he hurt you?"

"No, he ran away."

"Were you wearing a charm?"

"I had a bag around my neck in which there was the tooth of a wolf and a talisman blessed by the saintly rabbi of Kozhenitz. I started wearing it when I was a child."

"Well, that must have been helpful."

"How do you know that it was a warlock?" Meyer the eunuch asked. "It could have been an imp or a mock demon."

"I found out his story later. His father, a rich landowner, left him his manor, but the boy got interested in witchcraft. He knew how to make himself small or large, could change himself into a cat or dog or whatever he pleased. He lived with an old servant who was deaf as a wall and did his cooking for him. He had more money than he knew what to do with. It was his wife's death that drove him to magic. Sometimes he used his sorcery to help people. But not often. He preferred to make fun of the villagers and frighten them."

"What happened to him?" Isaac Amshinover asked.

"I don't know. He was still alive when I moved away from Radoshitz. You know what happens to such people. In the end they fall into the bottomless pit."

II

THERE WAS SILENCE when Zalman the glazier finished speaking. Then Isaac Amshinover, having taken out his pipe and lit it, inquired: "What's so amazing about a Gentile sorcerer? There were sorcerers even in Egypt."

Didn't the Egyptian magicians vie with Moses? But I knew of a Jewish one. Well, maybe not really a sorcerer, but someone who did business with the evil ones. His father-in-law was an acquaintance of mine, Mordecai Liskover. A very wealthy man and learned, too. He had five sons and one daughter. The girl was named Pesha and he was crazy about her. His sons all married well. Half the town belonged to them. He had a water-mill that was always busy. The peasants came there from miles around to line up with their carts. They thought that flour ground in his mill was blessed. Mordecai wanted to find Pesha—she was his youngest—the finest possible husband. He gave her a large dowry and promised to support her husband and her for the rest of their lives. So he went to a yeshiva and asked the principal to show him his smartest student. 'That's him,' the principal said, indicating a not very large boy. 'His name is Zeinvele. He may look small but he has more brains than all the scholars of Poland put together.' What more could one want?

"The boy was an orphan and supported by the town. He was taken to Reb Mordecai's house, dressed up like a king, and given the betrothal papers to sign. Then Zeinvele was put up at an inn because it is forbidden for a man to live in the same house as his fiancée. He fed on squabs and marzipan. When he came to the study house, all the other boys tried to engage him in learned conversation, but he didn't say much. He was the sort of person to whom a word is like a gold coin. But what he did say was worth hearing. I can still see him as he was then, small, light-skinned, and beardless, standing in the study house reeling off an entire page of the Commentaries from memory. Reb Mordecai gave him clothes a size too large for him expecting him to grow into them. His gaberdine dragged along the floor. Actually he never did get any bigger, but that's another story. When he discussed learned matters, he spoke very softly; he didn't speak about worldly matters at all, merely said yes or no when he was asked something. Sometimes he just nodded his head. He always sat by himself in some remote corner of the study house. The boys complained that he wasn't friendly. When he prayed, he stood looking out the window and didn't turn his head until he was finished. The window faced Synagogue Street and overlooked the cemetery.

"Well, so he wasn't interested in the world. The town respected him. Why shouldn't they have? He was to be Reb Mordecai's son-in-law. Then an odd thing happened. One night a boy walked into the study house looking as white as chalk. 'What's happened to you?' the others asked. 'Who scared you?' At first the fellow refused to answer. Then he took three of his friends aside, and after swearing them to secrecy, told them the following: While he was walking in the synagogue yard, he'd caught sight of Zeinvele standing near the poorhouse making curious motions with his

hands. He knew that Zeinvele never studied at night. And anyway what was he doing near the poorhouse? Everyone knew the poorhouse was a dangerous place; the cleansing board on which the corpses were washed was kept leaning against its door. Two paths led to it; one from the town's outskirts and the other from the cemetery. The boy thought that perhaps Zeinvele, being a stranger, had lost his way, and called out, 'Zeinvele, what are you doing there?' No sooner did he say this than Zeinvele began to shrink until he became so small there was nothing left of him but a puff of smoke. Finally, even the smoke disappeared. The amazing thing was that the boy hadn't died of fright. 'Are you sure the tassels on your ritual garment are all there?' the other fellows asked. 'Maybe one of the letters in your *mezuzah* is missing?' It was clear to all of them that it was really one of the evil ones in disguise as Zeinvele. The incident was kept a secret. The town would have been saved a lot of trouble had it not been.

"THE WEDDING was a noisy one. Musicians were brought from Lublin, Yukele the jester from far-away Kovle. But Zeinvele didn't participate in the usual discussion of the Torah with his fellow students, or pass around the cookies and drinks. He just sat at the head of the table as if he weren't there. He had such thick eyebrows it was difficult to tell whether he was meditating or asleep. There were those who even thought he was deaf. But all things pass away quickly. Zeinvele was married and moved in with his father-in-law. Now he sat in his corner of the study house reading the Tractate on Ablutions prescribed for newly married couples. It wasn't very long, however, before Pesha started complaining that he didn't act like a young husband should. Though he did come to her bed after she had been to the ritual bath, he acted as cold as ice. Early one morning Pesha ran weeping into her mother's bedroom. 'What's happened, daughter?' Well, according to Pesha, she'd been to the ritual bath the evening before and Zeinvele had gotten into bed with her. But when she'd glanced over at his bed expecting to find it empty, she'd found a second Zeinvele lying there. She'd become so frightened that she'd crawled under the featherbed and refused to come out. As soon as it was light, Zeinvele had gotten up and gone to his study. 'Daughter, you're imagining things,' her mother told her. But Pesha solemnly swore that she was telling the truth. 'Mother, I'm terrified,' she screamed. And her anxiety was so great that she fainted.

"How long can such matters be concealed? There really were two Zeinveles. Everybody realized it. Grabovitz did have a few skeptics who as usual with that sort made light of the matter. You know their kind of explanation: it was a hallucination, a fantasy, a morbid tendency, but for all of that, they were just as scared as everyone else. Zeinvele would be locked in his room lying

asleep in his bed, but also he'd be wandering around the synagogue yard, or the market place. Sometimes he'd appear in the antechamber of the study house and stand there motionless near the wash basin until somebody realized that he was only the false Zeinvele. When that happened, he floated off and disintegrated like a cobweb.

"For some time no one said anything about this to Zeinvele. He may have had no idea himself of what was going on. But finally his wife Pesha refused to be quiet any longer. She announced that she would not sleep in the same room with him. They had to hire a night watchman. His father-in-law, thinking that Zeinvele would become alarmed and deny everything, confronted him with the facts, but he just stood there like a statue, not saying a word. So Reb Mordecai took him to the rabbi of Turisk who completely covered Zeinvele's body with talismans. But when Zeinvele returned home, nothing had changed. At night his mother-in-law locked the bedroom door from the outside and propped a heavy chair against it, but in spite of this Zeinvele continued to wander. At the sight of him dogs growled and horses reared in terror. The women didn't dare go out at night without putting on two aprons—one in the front and one in the rear. One evening a young townswoman went to the ritual bath and, after being washed down by the attendant in the anteroom, entered the bath chamber itself. As she descended the steps, she saw someone splashing around in the water. The candle in the room was flickering so badly she couldn't make out who it was. When she came closer and saw it was Zeinvele, she screamed and fainted. If the attendant hadn't been nearby, she would have drowned.

"The real Zeinvele happened to be in the study house at the moment. I was there myself and saw him. But it had become impossible to know which was the real Zeinvele and which the phantom. The townboys now began to say that Zeinvele visited the ritual bath to peek at the naked women. Pesha said that she would no longer live with him. If he had had parents they would have shipped him home, but where can you send an orphan? His father-in-law took him to the rabbi and gave him a hundred gulden to divorce Pesha. I was one of the witnesses to the divorce papers. Pesha couldn't stop crying, but Zeinvele sat quietly on the bench as if none of this concerned him. He seemed to be sleeping. The rabbi looked at the wall to make sure that Zeinvele was casting a shadow. Demons don't, you know. After the divorce Zeinvele was put in a cart Reb Mordecai had hired and taken to a yeshiva. The cart was driven by a Gentile, no Jew being willing to accept the job. When the coachman returned he claimed the Jews had bewitched him. His horses, though he had kept on whipping them, had refused to pull the wagon. He pointed to his team. They had left the market place healthy and had returned sick and wasted.

Mordecai Liskover had to pay him damages. I was told that both horses died soon after.

"Even though Zeinvele was gone, people still continued to see him. They met him after dark at the flour mill, at the river where the women washed their linens, near the outhouse. Several times he was seen in the middle of the night standing like a chimney sweep on top of a roof. Students stopped studying in the evening knowing that Zeinvele liked to wander in the synagogue yard. Then when Pesha remarried, he disappeared. No one knows what happened to him. Somebody who visited the yeshiva he was supposed to have been taken to, said he never got there."

"Do you mean to imply by your story that the talismans of the rabbi of Turisk are ineffective?" Zalman the glazier asked.

"Not every talisman works."

"All of the rabbi of Kozhenitz's talismans do."

"How many such rabbis are there?"

III

MEYER THE EUNUCH pulled at his naked chin. His left eye shut tightly and his right eye stared. Though he was now in his good period, he laughed insanely.

"What's so terribly novel about all that? We all know sorcerers exist. Maybe Zeinvele was innocent. He could have been bewitched. He might have been a mooncalf or a freak. Besides when a man sleeps, his spirit leaves him. Usually you can't see the spirit leaving the body, but sometimes it's visible. There was a woman in Kasnotstav who emitted a green light when she slept. When they put out the lamp, the wall near her bed lit up. I also know of a cat which, after it had been drowned by a coachman, came back to bite his nose. Everyone recognized the creature. It started to spit and mew and would have clawed out his eyes if he hadn't covered his face with his hands. The body dies but the spirit lives on. I speak of the spirit, not the soul. Not everything has a soul. One has to have a certain merit to be worthy of having a soul. But even animals possess a spirit.

"Let me tell you about the Jenukah. You may not know it, Reb Zalman, but Jenukah means child in Aramaic. The Jenukah, as he was called, was the sixth child of Zekele, an ordinary water carrier. There didn't seem to be anything unusual about him when he was born. He was circumcised just like his brothers. His real name was Zaddock, after his grandfather. However, his mother began to complain that the baby was growing too fast. But who listens to such talk from a woman? Every mother thinks her child is the most wonderful. But three months later, the whole town was gossiping about Zekele's amazing child. At five months the boy was talking; at six months he walked. When he was a year old, they wrapped him in a prayer shawl and took him to school.

We have newspapers nowadays; in those times the Jews didn't. The boy was written up in one of the Gentile papers. The governor sent a delegation to interview him and make a report. The town doctor sent copies of his findings to Warsaw and Petersburg. All kinds of university professors and experts visited the town. They didn't believe that little Zaddock was only fifteen months old, but there were plenty of witnesses. The birth had been registered at the town hall and the midwife had kept her own record. The man who performed the circumcision, the rabbi who held the baby at the ceremony, and the woman who had handed the child to the latter, gave corroborating evidence. Zaddock had to be taken out of school. To begin with, all of the furor interrupted the classroom routine, and in the second place he was just too bright for the other children. He took one look at the alphabet and knew it by heart. When he was eighteen months old, he was deep in the study of the Pentateuch and the Commentaries of Rashi. At two, he began his study of the Gemara.

"I know it's hard to believe, but I myself can attest to its truth. Zekele, who was our water carrier, used to bring the boy to our house to show him off. At three, Zaddock preached in the synagogue. He opened his mouth and out spouted the Torah. Anyone who wasn't present on that great Sabbath before Passover doesn't know what a miracle is. Even a blind man could see that the child must be the reincarnation of some ancient saint. At four he was as tall as an adolescent and began to sprout a beard. That was when they started calling him the Jenukah, after the holy child in the *Zohar*. But we'd sit here all night, if I told you everything about him. Why elaborate? At five Zaddock had a long beard. It was time for him to have a wife, but who would marry a daughter to a five-year-old boy? Anyway, Zaddock was completely immersed in the Cabbala. The community gave him a room and Zaddock spent his time there studying the *Zohar*, the *Tree of Life*, the *Book of Creation*, and the *Book of the Esoterics*. People offered to give him money to pray for them, but he refused. There are unbelievers everywhere, but whoever looked at Zaddock no longer doubted. On the Sabbath he sat at the head of the table presiding like a rabbi, and only a few select people were allowed to be with him. Even these learned men found it difficult to understand his exegesis. He had a special genius for translating the alphabet into numbers and creating acrostics. Sometimes, when he was in a forgetful mood, he would speak entirely in Aramaic. His handwriting was such that what he wrote had to be read in a mirror.

"Then suddenly the news came that the Jenukah was engaged. It seemed that in the neighboring town there was a rich man, seven of whose children had died before they were three. His only surviving child was a girl whom he dressed in

white linen and called Altele, Little Old One, to fool the Angel of Death. I don't remember the man's name, but he was advised by some rabbi to marry his daughter to the Jenukah. The girl was fourteen. The Jenukah at five looked like a man of forty. They didn't think he would consent, but he did. I went to the engagement party myself. The girl looked as if she were marrying her father. They signed the contract and broke plates for good luck. Throughout the ceremony, the Jenukah kept mumbling to himself. He was probably receiving instructions from Heaven. I don't know why, but both sides were anxious to get the wedding over with quickly. The engagement took place on Chanukah and the wedding was set for the Sabbath after Shavouth. It took place not in the bride's town, as was the custom, but in the bridegroom's, because it was feared that the sight of the Jenukah would be too much for people not accustomed to him. Eighty rabbis, all specialists in miracles, were invited. They came not only from Poland proper, but also from Volhynia and Galicia. Many freethinkers, doctors, and philosophers also attended. Among the guests were the governor of Lublin and I think the vice governor, too. Barren women came, hoping that their presence there would cure them. Someone brought a girl whose hiccups sounded like the barking of a dog. She recited whole chapters from the Mishnah and when she sang from the prayer book, her voice was deep as a cantor's. The inns were packed, word having got about that whoever attended the wedding would never be condemned to the fires of Gehenna. Many visitors had to sleep in the streets. The stores were emptied so quickly of food that wagons had to be sent to Lublin for more provisions.

"Now listen to this. Three days before the wedding the Jenukah's mother entered his room to bring him a cup of tea. She took one look and saw that his beard was as white as snow. His face was yellow and as lined as parchment. She called the rest of the family. Though a child not yet six-years-old, he had turned into a hoary sage. A crowd gathered, but was not let into the house. Someone informed the bride's parents of what had happened. But they didn't dare break the engagement.

"THE DAY of his wedding, at the feast for the young men, the Jenukah divulged mystery upon mystery. When the time came to lift the veil from the bride, the crowd surged forward wildly. The groom's attendants did not escort, but carried him. He seemed to be completely debilitated. When the bride saw that the Jenukah was an old man, she began to weep and protest, but finally was quieted. I was there myself and saw everything. When the bride and groom were served the golden soup, they scarcely touched it, though both had fasted. The musicians were afraid to play. The jester didn't open his mouth.

The Jenukah sat at the head of the table, holding his hands over his eyes. I don't remember whether he danced with the bride or not. He lived only three months more. Each day he became whiter and more shrunken. He drooped and melted like a wax candle. The last few days of his life no strangers were allowed in his room, not even the doctor. The Jenukah, dressed in a white robe, and wearing his prayer shawl and phylacteries, sat like an ancient saint not of this world. He stopped eating. When they gave him a spoonful of soup, he couldn't swallow it. I happened to be out of town when the Jenukah died, but I was told that at the moment of death his face shone like the sun. You couldn't pass near the house without feeling the heat of his saintly radiance. An apothecary who came to ridicule him became a believer and put peas in his boots as penance. A priest was converted. Those who were at the deathbed heard the beating of an angel's wings. The Jenukah had ordered that his shroud be made while he was still living. He died with the finishing of the last stitch.

"When the men from the Burial Society came, they found almost no body left to wash. With such saints, even matter turns into spirit. The

pallbearers said that the corpse was lighter than a bird's. The eulogies took three days to complete. Afterward, the community raised money to build a chapel on the grave in which was to burn an eternal light. Zekele was provided with a pension. One should receive something for being the father of such a son."

"What happened to the widow?" Zalman the glazier asked.

"She never remarried."

"Was there a child?"

"Ridiculous."

"Did she live long?"

"She's still alive."

"Who was the Jenukah really?" Isaac Amshinover wanted to know.

"How can you tell? Sometimes a soul is sent down from Heaven which has to fulfill its mission in a hurry. Why are some babies born who live only one day? Every soul descends to earth to correct some error. It's the same with souls as with manuscripts; there may be few or many errors. Everything that's wrong on this earth has to be corrected. The world of evil is the world of correction. This is the answer to all questions."

H. STUART HUGHES

THE NEW ITALY & ITS POLITICS

JUST OVER a decade ago, when the De Gasperi era in Italian history came to an end, it seemed as though the country had settled into a semi-permanent postwar equilibrium. Alcide De Gasperi, like his counterpart Adenauer in Germany, had put his stamp on the political and institutional arrangements that succeeded the Fascist system: he had guided Italy back to parliamentary democracy; he had led his own Christian Democratic party to the electoral victory of 1948 in which it had gained an unprecedented majority in the Chamber of Deputies; he had curbed the power of the Italian Communists—the most powerful such party in the non-Communist world—and of the left-wing (Nenni) Socialists who were in alliance with them; and as the logical corollary to these “center-right” political stands, he had tied his foreign and economic policy to the United States, giving priority to financial soundness over economic growth and reassuring the propertied interests that the modest reforms the government undertook would not unhinge the established structure of Italian society.

In the early 1950's there was no visible alternative to Christian Democratic rule. On the Right the continuing threat from neo-Fascism and authoritarian Monarchism, on the Left the Communists, ruled out the possibility of nonconformist political experiments. To be sure, in 1953 the Christian Democrats lost their parliamentary majority—thereby bringing about the old Prime Minister's fall. But Christian Democracy remained by far the strongest party, and all of De Gasperi's seven successors came from its ranks. It was only gradually in the course of the next decade that it became apparent how much was changing under a surface of political immobility: in 1956 Nenni's Socialists broke loose from the Communists, giving the Italian voter a viable democratic alternative and drawing the main wing of Socialism closer to the Social Democratic secession which Giuseppe Saragat had led; about the same time the rightist parties went into a slow but evi-

dently irreversible decline, as the Europe-wide prosperity finally impinged on the Italian economy, bringing a boom in consumption and a social mobility that were more spectacular than elsewhere since Italy was coming up from farther behind.

Under these altered circumstances, the De Gasperi system no longer worked. The most talented of his heirs, Amintore Fanfani, realized this and began to modernize the Christian Democratic party and to push along a new generation of leadership. A man of restless energy and an economist by profession, Fanfani saw that the economic boom was hitting Italian society most unevenly, that it was favoring North over South, industry over agriculture, and the already prosperous over the weak and the dispossessed. The corrective, he argued, was nation-wide planning and an enlargement of popular political participation. In 1962—with his way smoothed by tacit encouragement from Pope John—Fanfani changed the political formula from center-right to center-left; he recast his ministry to give it a reform tinge and to win the Socialists' parliamentary support. The following year, he appealed for electoral endorsement of this “opening to the Left.” Sixty per cent of the voters responded in the affirmative by supporting the four parties (Christian Democrats, Socialists, Social Democrats, and Republicans) of the center-left coalition. But what loomed largest in the public mind was that the two major coalition partners had both lost votes and that the Communists had gained—which was in itself sufficient testimony to the urgency of planning and reform, to the fact that while Christian Democratic conservatives or Socialist militants might object to their parties' current cohabitation, the electorate as a whole was voicing its dissatisfactions by moving leftward.

The bewildering fashion in which the parliamentary election of 1963 endorsed the opening to the Left made the chief coalition partners feel aggrieved and rebuked by their constituents. In the post-electoral recriminations, the Christian Democrats talked of a “cleaned-up” center-left (which presumably meant dropping the ministers most closely associated with the new course), while the Socialists were even warier than before of com-

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promise with "bourgeois" policies. The first and most apparent conclusion from the nearly universal disappointment was that Fanfani must go. His logical successor was Aldo Moro, the Christian Democratic party secretary and a key participant in the center-left policy.

IN THE EARLY days of June 1963—when the attention of most Italians was riveted on the protracted death of Pope John—Moro put together a new coalition of Christian Democrats, Republicans, and Social Democrats, with the Socialists once more counted on to supply support from outside the government. Its program and composition were slightly to the Right of the defunct Fanfani ministry—an understandable response to the Christian Democrats' conviction that the opening to the Left had lost them votes, but certainly not in line with the general leftward shift of the electorate. This was the view of a powerful minority among the Socialists; at the last moment the opposition of Riccardo Lombardi, Nenni's most influential collaborator and heir apparent, brought the artfully contrived combination crashing down.

There was no recourse but the usual stop-gap "*monocolore*" of Christian Democrats alone. The election results had ruled out any trafficking with the Right. They had also made impossible the sort of pseudo-caretaker government—such as Pella and Tambroni had headed in the past—that served as a cover for a conservative resurgence. The ministry formed by Giovanni Leone on June 21 (the very day when Giovanni Battista Montini was being elevated to the Papal throne as Paul VI) was just what it pretended to be, a device for getting through the summer months while giving Italy's political parties a chance to recover from their post-election shock. No more than a routine Christian Democratic politician himself, with the titular distinction of being president of the chamber, Leone at least remained true to his mandate and kept the conduct of government business at a correspondingly routine level.

As political therapy, the Leone experiment worked. Once the party leaders had regained their equilibrium, they realized that nothing was fundamentally changed—that there was no alternative to the previous coalition. This was the conclusion of the Christian Democratic party meeting in August; indeed, the final motion went beyond the previous opening to the Left in suggesting that the Socialists should be included in the new ministry. Such was also the outcome of the Socialists' deliberations two months later, when a comfortable majority of the congress authorized Nenni to begin negotiations (for the first time in more than sixteen years) for full Socialist participation in the government. The delegates had been sobered by hearing the seventy-two-year-old Nenni recite a record of four dec-

ades of lost opportunities, the greater part of which had been his own. Yet the voice which had most impressed the congress was that of Riccardo Lombardi—now back by Nenni's side—who had warned that Italian Socialism could not afford to reject the chance of influencing the economic transformation which the next decade would bring. This was an argument that touched the party's central aspirations and was calculated to win assent on all sides. In comparison, foreign-policy considerations seemed secondary: the Socialist congress neatly side-stepped the issue of the multilateral force by passing to the British Labor party the initiative in opposing it.

With a double party endorsement now behind him, Moro could try once more with better hope of success. In early November, Leone resigned and Moro began to form a coalition ministry; as finally constituted a month later, it included sixteen Christian Democrats, six Socialists, three Social Democrats, and one Republican. Nenni was designated vice-premier and Saragat foreign minister, with Socialists and conservative Christian Democrats canceling each other out in the economic portfolios. Economic issues naturally dominated the new government's reform program: besides the perennial matter of overhauling the tax system and the civil service, Moro made precise commitments in the four areas where the coalition partners could agree that prompt action was urgent—the establishment of regional administration, a radical revision of agrarian tenures, urban planning and housing construction, and the strengthening of public education. The parliamentary vote of confidence went through with ease in mid-December, although about thirty of the Christian Democratic Right threatened to walk out of the Chamber, and a slightly smaller number of the Socialist Left actually did so; the latter were to be heard from again within a very short time.

This painless beginning was deceptive. For one thing, three of the strongest proponents of the opening to the Left remained outside the government—Fanfani, Lombardi, and La Malfa. While Fanfani's absence was understandable, that of Lombardi was more serious, since he was Italian Socialism's leading economic strategist. These two were presumably expressing their doubts of Moro's ability to keep their divergent parties working in harmony. But La Malfa's absence could be attributed only to political ingratitude: the Socialists wanted his ministry, and in the scramble for office La Malfa's long service in the cause of economic planning was forgotten; his colleagues in the diminutive Republican party might also have remembered that their chief reason for continuing to exist was to provide their most talented figure with a secure political base.

Beyond these disappointing omissions, the Moro experiment—the full opening to the Left as opposed to the partial one that Fanfani had in-

augurated nearly two years earlier—had come too late. It had come after a decade of political struggle, and by the time it finally arrived, much of the moral impetus behind it had already been expended. Still worse, it came in the full flood of inflation. In the previous two years imports had mounted sharply, and the rival labor federations—for once working in harmony—had lifted the workers' share in the national product by nearly five percentage points. This wage raise was certainly overdue and in itself was not necessarily inflationary. But it had been delayed so long that it impinged on the economy with explosive force and in the absence of official measures for controlling other inflationary pressures such as the boom in real estate.

The new government was aware of the problem it faced. In their initial statement of the coalition's program, the center-left partners had agreed on the need for short-term anti-inflation measures sufficient to deal with the current crisis in international payments while not so drastic as to impede the rhythm of Italy's economic development. This carefully balanced double-talk betrayed how fragile the understanding between the parties had been. The deeper divergence could not be papered over: the Christian Democrats put the fight against inflation before everything else; the Socialists refused to sacrifice their reform goals. From the outset, the Moro government labored under an almost insuperable handicap.

Nor was the Prime Minister himself a man to dominate his colleagues, and by overpowering personal force to induce them to settle their differences. He had neither Fanfani's drive and economic expertise nor Nenni's standing as an already half-legendary historical figure. Skeptical, infinitely patient, a southerner with the congenital melancholy of the *Mezzogiorno* joined to an almost Anglo-Saxon impassivity, Moro might be a nearly ideal leader to put a coalition together, but he was less equipped to control his own party's representatives in the ministry when they began to quarrel with the Socialists. By early summer Moro's Christian Democratic colleagues had lost all restraint: the Minister of the Treasury leaked to the press a supposedly confidential letter to the Prime Minister in which he announced that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy; somebody else slipped into the budget a special appropriation for Church schools which even the Socialist under-secretary in the Ministry of Education knew nothing about. This last—a trifling matter in itself—exhausted the Socialists' dwindling reserve of forbearance. They abstained from the vote on the offending provision, and the government was left seven votes short of a majority. The irony of the episode was that Italy's economic situation was already improving: the balance-of-payments crisis had been relieved, and it was recession rather than inflation that was now the danger.

After nearly a month of political maneuvering—and with a nationwide rail strike threatening—in late July, Moro reconstituted his government almost exactly as it had been before. He had accomplished this in the face of bitter reproaches from his conservative party colleagues and a further secession of Socialists. Perhaps the ministerial hiatus had brought home to both sides the perils of inter-party warfare. Yet the basic disagreement between them remained unchanged; only the economic outlook had brightened.

THE divergence within the coalition over Church schools—even the deeper cleavage on how to deal with inflation—are far from sufficient to explain the agonizing difficulty in keeping Christian Democrats and Socialists in tandem. The simple fact is that neither party trusts the other. Such a lack of mutual confidence is nothing new in European politics: it has always characterized the relations between Catholics and Marxists-turned-democrats ever since the two first began working together under the Weimar Republic; sometimes the distrust has been minimal—as in the Netherlands today; sometimes it has flared into open civil war—as in Austria in the 1930's. In Italy things have never gone that far: for nearly a generation the two parties had a common enemy in Fascism. But the fact that under Italian conditions Christian Democracy is necessarily more Catholic and Socialism traditionally more socialist than elsewhere has given a particular local bite to their mutual antagonism.

Italian Christian Democracy stands in a special relation to Catholicism for the obvious reason that Italy is the headquarters of the Universal Church whose head is an Italian. Hence it is peculiarly sensitive to directives or hints emanating from the Vatican. This closeness created no serious political problem so long as the party and the Papacy had common interests—however it might infuriate Italian anti-clericals. During the De Gasperi era the two could agree on the overriding importance of the Communist danger; Catholic Action was happy to supply the precinct-workers for a party that most of the time remained true to the cause of political and social conservatism. Then in the mid-1950's things began to change: Fanfani scandalized the orthodox by pushing Christian Democracy toward positions that seemed quasi-socialist. A half decade later something even more extraordinary occurred: under Pope John's guidance the Papacy took a great leap leftward—clean over the heads of the Christian Democratic majority—and good Catholics were perplexed by the thought that the crusade against Communism might no longer be a holy war at all. The result was a profound confusion which certainly contributed to Christian Democracy's loss of votes in the election of 1963.

Today the party, while still the welter of factions and interests that it has always been, has

two main tendencies struggling for domination—those who want to keep Christian Democracy about as it has been in the past, and those who want to make it a vehicle for welfare-state policies within a modern industrial society. The former include what remains of the party Right—now led by Mario Scelba, who has joined so many other Christian Democratic “notables” in an evolution toward conservatism—and, more importantly, a shifting, pragmatic Center that for the present is willing to work with Moro and the party Left. The label under which this group travels changes every few years; of late they have been calling themselves the *Dorotei*. But their underlying purpose remains constant: refusing to draw the consequences from the fact that Christian Democracy is no longer the majority party, they try in every possible way to maintain its hegemony over Italian public life; cooperation with the party reformers and even with the Socialists ranks in their minds as only one more device toward this higher purpose. Meantime their grass-roots support is gradually being eroded: it is composed too heavily of old people, of women, and of earnest adolescents who soon drop out of party activity. This was what Fanfani realized long ago: he saw that it was necessary to raise up a new generation of leadership which would be drawn from and appeal to the junior executives, the technicians, and the skilled workers who were the type-figures in Italy's new industrial society. Yet he never scored more than a half success: for one thing, leaders like himself and Moro remained too much old-fashioned politicians to recast their party utterly. The modernizing faction within Christian Democracy is best represented by younger men whose names are totally unknown to the American newspaper public: strong at party congresses, it becomes progressively weaker as the young reformers try to rise to a seat in parliament and beyond that to a ministerial portfolio.

ITALIAN Socialism is more socialist than in other European countries in the sense that it has not forgotten its pre-First World War origins. Its rank-and-file and more sectarian leadership remain class-conscious, profoundly anti-war, and millennialist in their hopes for the future. This ideological innocence can be both appealing and exasperating: it was largely responsible for the party's disastrous two decades of cooperation with the Communists. Yet for all his mistakes, Nenni is still one of the most attractive figures on the Italian political landscape—a true popular leader whose honesty of purpose no one can question. Perhaps he alone could have persuaded the ordinary Socialist militant that it was no class treason to go into coalition with Christian Democracy.

But Nenni belongs to another age: he is of Mussolini's generation, as he was, in the Duce's Socialist days, Mussolini's friend. It is younger men

who will have to drag Italian Socialism, despite its protestations of fidelity to the heroic past, into the late 20th-century world. It is they who must make the mighty effort to lift the party over fifty years of history straight from the atmosphere of pre-1914 Marxism into the post-Keynesian universe of input-output analysis. In this respect, Italian Socialism is obliged to make an even greater leap than Christian Democracy. The party militants are aging: they hate ideological change, and they distrust intellectuals. One of the gravest handicaps that Lombardi and his colleagues suffer under as party reformers is that so many of them are intellectuals, in a movement where until very recently such people were regarded as outsiders, and that their ideological origins derive from the wartime Party of Action rather than from Marxism.

Suspensions of this sort had a great deal to do with the walk-out of twenty-five Socialist deputies during the vote of confidence on the first Moro government. Subsequently these organized a secessionist party—the PSIUP*—under the leadership of Tullio Vecchiotti. Although the secession deprived Italian Socialism of more than a quarter of its deputies, the effect on the rank-and-file was less serious. Most of the trade-union leadership remained with the old party; some of them may have reasoned that their Communist union colleagues wanted them to do so, since the Communist party as a whole was far from happy about a split that merely created new competition on the Left while weakening the philo-Communist minority within the main body of Italian Socialism. Moreover, one of the two chief types among the rare recruits that the new party picked up was of particular concern to Communists on the alert for deviations within their own ranks. They were not worried about the older Marxist sectaries who rallied to Vecchiotti. They were alarmed rather by the young men with “Chinese” or Castroist enthusiasms whose protests against “respectability” and compromise with the Italian “establishment” they were already hearing at their own party gatherings.

The secession from Italian Socialism, then, weakened the main party only slightly. On the positive side it made it more homogeneous and increased the likelihood of its reunification with Saragat's Social Democrats, who had lost their *raison d'être* when Nenni completed his evolution toward parliamentary democracy. The importance of the new splinter group—if it has any at all—is its position to the Left of Communism itself as truer to Marxist doctrine and more genuine in its revolutionary claims. The only ideological standing-ground it can find is as the first European version of a “Chinese” Marxist party. Such an evolution still lies in the future. Its chief role today is to call attention to the curious phenomenon that

* Partito Socialista Italiana di Unità Proletaria.

Italian Communism has become since the death of Stalin.

In searching out the reasons for the Communists' gains in the election of 1963, Italian observers noted that although this had happened throughout the country, it had been most apparent in the two areas where Communism was already particularly strong—the industrial Northwest and the “red belt” of the North-Center. To explain the party's victories in the triangle Turin-Genoa-Milan was not particularly difficult: here it sufficed to point to the new voters who had poured in from the South. In regions like Tuscany and the Romagna, the election returns were more puzzling: the population shifts had been less extensive and social discontents less apparent. The explanation could be found only in terms of Communism itself having been transformed into a kind of “establishment.” In the North-Central part of the country, the Communists had been powerful for so long that they had become the dominant vested interest: they controlled the cooperative movement, the trade unions, and several important municipalities. Such tasks had given them a sense of public responsibility; as the holders of local power, they even received credit for the prevailing prosperity. In the “red belt,” to cast a vote for Communism meant to endorse a going concern.

It is hard to tell how deep this new attitude of respectability goes. To be sure, the recently deceased Togliatti and his heirs have done their best to project a “social-democratic image.” Some recent statements suggest that they may be ready to make the final jump to democracy in the Western sense and accept the idea of free competition among political parties even under a Communist regime. They loathe the idea of violent revolution and would not like to risk the secure position they have achieved as a domesticated opposition within Italian society. Nobody can say whether the Communists intend to live up to their democratic professions until they have a chance to put them into effect—and then it may be too late. Meantime Italian Communism's electoral strength and reassuring stance are a constant source of embarrassment to the two chief partners in the center-left coalition. How long will it be possible to keep from a share in power a party whose popular appeal is undeniable and whose ideological evolution so satisfactory? By the same token, the Communists' current posture is—or should be—a major foreign policy puzzle for the United States.

THE Italian Communists today are back where they have always wanted to be—back to the conditions of 1945 before the cold war opened and Stalin forced them into a position of intransigence. With the near-collapse of the rightist parties (which again recalls the immediate postwar situation) and the lack of a conservative alterna-

tive to center-left government, the only remaining possibility is a Popular Front. This the Italian Communists are well aware of: their current propaganda is largely directed toward stressing its advantages and minimizing its dangers. As little as half a decade ago, a ministerial coalition including the Communists was unthinkable. Today it is only barely imaginable—an outside possibility at the very most. A few years from now, if the cold war continues to subside and the Italian electorate maintains its drift toward the Left, a Popular Front may become a real alternative.

In the past, such a possibility was excluded, among other things, for the simple reason that the U.S. would not have permitted it. In Italy, as elsewhere in the Mediterranean, the United States inherited a position of predominance that was originally to have been Great Britain's. During the Second World War, by an unstated but apparently well-understood agreement between Roosevelt and Churchill, Italy was treated as a country in which British influence was paramount. And the activities of the chief British representatives there, both civilian and military, strongly suggested that their government intended to prolong its quasi-protectorate into the postwar period. But here, as in Greece, the British proved unable to maintain the position they had won for themselves during the war, and the American government felt obliged to step in to fill the void. Under De Gasperi and his immediate successors, the Italian relationship to the United States was one of mitigated (and comparatively benign) satellitehood.

In Italy, as opposed to France, this dependent status aroused little resentment. The American yoke (if such it could be called) was the lightest that the Italians had borne in their long history of foreign overlordship. Yet when the time came to shake it off, the country was far from unwilling. With the French doing most of the talking, the Italians simply shared in the new independence from the United States that Western European prosperity and the relaxation of cold war tensions brought with them. The change arrived so effortlessly and imperceptibly that neither Italians nor Americans quite realized what had happened. A decade ago it was still possible to imagine our country's armed forces intervening in Italy to cancel the results of a leftist electoral victory. Today it is *this* that has become unthinkable.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, then, that sometime in the future the United States might face the unprecedented problem of a Popular Front government in a major Western country. Far more probable, however, would be a quasi-neutralist regime of Socialists and Left Christian Democrats for which the Communists would provide the sort of support from outside the government that Nenni's party gave the original opening to the Left. Or, to put the matter in terms

of domestic Italian choices, the way to avoid a Popular Front would be through an evolution in the policy of the two present coalition partners that would make Communist participation unnecessary.

Neither Christian Democracy nor Socialism in its current form is very well suited to governing a modern industrial democracy. Each is too burdened with anomalies inherited from the past. But no new political formation is likely to replace them. Like our own parties, the Italian Christian Democrats and Socialists embody such deeply rooted and even hereditary loyalties that it would be unrealistic to expect them to give way to something else. For all their faults, they are Italian democracy's visible and viable supports, and the real political question is not one of finding a substitute for them but how they can be modernized and adapted to contemporary purposes.

Most obviously, the Christian Democrats need to shed their clerical associations; these do them quite unnecessary damage in arousing mistrust and hostility among most of Italy's intellectual elite. Fortunately the policy of *aggiornamento*—of bringing the Church up-to-date—sponsored by Popes John and Paul is helping to steer the more old-fashioned Catholics away from clericalism. Likewise the social changes now in process, more particularly the population shifts from country to city and from South to North, are breaking up the fastnesses of Christian Democratic conservatism—and with them the power of local notables over their political fiefs and clientele. Viewed from this standpoint, Christian Democracy appears easier to modernize than Socialism: its history is shorter and its ideology less codified. Indeed, the ideological task for Moro and Fanfani and the young party reformers is almost the reverse of the one facing the Socialists—how to bring together the scattered and often contradictory precepts of social Catholicism into a coherent philosophy of the welfare state.

ITALIAN SOCIALISM is already a welfare-state party stressing economic planning rather than nationalization. In realistic terms, Italy's Socialists are not very different from their Social Democratic rivals in their own country or from other Western European parties that call themselves by similar names. But they hate to admit it: as opposed to British Labor's or German Social Democracy's pride in their ideological apostasy, Italian Socialism clings to its great memories and to the class-warfare phraseology of the past. And this injures the party's reputation among the middle-class and uncommitted public in the same fashion in which the Christian Democratic "image" suffers from the charge of clericalism. Italian Socialism needs to reunite with its Social Democratic offshoot; it needs more young people in its ranks; it needs to find a new flexibility in practice

while retaining the innocence of aspiration that is so precious an ideological asset; but perhaps more than anything else it needs to convince itself and its constituents that wholesale collectivization is not its goal—that it is concerned rather to use as an instrument for social planning the massive segment of the Italian economy which is already in public hands.

The more alert and purposeful leaders of both Christian Democracy and Socialism can agree on their commitment to planning and the welfare state. This emphasis is only natural in terms of Italy's moral tradition and contemporary needs. The two parties are true to an age-old feeling for common humanity among their countrymen when they give first priority to the relief of poverty; it is when they indulge in sectarian appeals that they betray what is best in the Italian tradition. And in view of Italy's handicapped position within the Western community, the social welfare of its inhabitants quite properly comes before anything else. To such a purpose even Americans must assent when they ask the question (which is posed all too seldom in our deliberations on foreign policy): what is good for the Italian people themselves?

If in the future Italy's leaders put less stress than in the immediate past on foreign and military policy and on the alliance with the United States, this is not necessarily bad for our country. The American government is gradually getting used to the idea that it is perfectly legitimate for the rulers of poor nations to try to keep them out of cold war entanglements. And while it may be argued that Italy is only in part an underdeveloped country, it is undeniable that much of its 20th-century history of misfortune has arisen from involvement in international quarrels that were none of its concern. As a member of the European six-nation community, Italy is in no position to set out on a neutralist course of its own. It is more likely that Western Europe as a whole will move in that direction, with Italy encouraging the process. In all the most relevant respects—cultural, religious, sentimental—the Italians are bound to remain friendly to America; it is only the formal ties that may be relaxed.

Italy today is not merely absorbed in becoming a consumer-oriented society resembling our own. Its people are also engaged in an extraordinary spiritual and social adventure, often glimpsed in the past but never coming close to realization—nothing less than reconciling the two great popular faiths, Catholicism and Socialism, whose antagonism has immobilized so much of the country's ideal energy. It is far from certain that such an ideological realignment can be accomplished. Yet even its partial fulfillment would give Italians a new hope for the social consensus that has so long eluded them and release from the dead weight of inherited skepticism about the possibility of human improvement.

DANIEL GAVRON

THE MASADA DIG

Friday, October 18, 1963

In the morning I set out from Arad, the desert town that serves as supply base for the expedition. A ten-mile dusty, rock-strewn track leads through the burning wilderness to the western approaches to Masada.

Herod's palace clear against the sky, the cliffs dropping sharply toward the Dead Sea a thousand feet below: not much has changed since Flavius Josephus described the scene more than 1800 years ago:

There was a rock, not small in circumference, and very high. It was encompassed with valleys of such vast depths downward, that the eye could not reach their bottoms. . . . No animal could walk there, excepting at two places of the rock, where . . . it affords a passage for ascent, though not without difficulty. . . . When a man has gone along for thirty furlongs he reaches the top of the hill, which does not narrow to a point; rather, there is a plain upon a mountain top. Upon this top, Jonathan the high priest first of all built a fortress and called it Masada.

The Jonathan to whom Josephus refers is presumably Alexander Jannaeus, a late Hasmonaean king who ruled from 103 to 76 B.C.E. Later on, Herod was to improve upon Jonathan's work, adding a system of dams and reservoirs to catch the winter rains, a complex of storehouses, a double casemate wall around the perimeter, and, most notably, a magnificent palace at the northern edge, with two of its three tiers below the summit so as to be in almost constant shade. After Herod's death the Romans occupied Masada, but in the early days of the Jewish revolt against Rome the fortress was captured by a group of Jewish Zealots. Jerusalem fell in 70 C.E., but the Masada garrison refused to surrender. For the next three years the defenders—960 men, women, and children—withstood the Procurator Silva's forces—6,000 legionnaires assisted by 9,000 slaves. When the Romans finally succeeded in breaching the double casemate, the Zealots burned their own dwellings and killed each other in a suicide pact; only two women and five children survived

to tell the story. According to Josephus, the defenders of Masada won the admiration even of their conquerors:

They came within the palace, and so met with the multitude of the slain, but could take no pleasure in the fact, though these were their enemies. Nor could they do other than wonder at the courage of their resolution, and the immovable contempt of death which so great a number of them had shown, when they went through with such an action as that was.

Today Masada is a place of pilgrimage for Israel's soldiers and youth largely because Flavius Josephus, a bad Jew but a good historian, has preserved the record of the Zealots' resistance. Previous archaeological excavations have confirmed the accuracy of his accounts; the present "dig" too uses his book, *The Jewish War*, as its basic text.

I ARRIVE at the summit and am directed to where a group of fellow journalists are sitting in the shade of a ruined storehouse. The briefing by Yigael Yadin, director of the Masada excavation, is already under way.

Chief of Operations during Israel's War of Independence, Chief of Staff while still in his thirties, currently a professor at the Hebrew University and one of the world's most distinguished archaeologists, Yadin is a man at ease among newspapermen, who refer to him as "The King of Publicity." A wide-brimmed army hat covers his dome-shaped, bald head. He wears a black tee-shirt, khaki pants, combat boots. His eyes squint against the glare of the morning sun and a luxuriant mustache accentuates his smile. He is smoking a Sherlock Holmes pipe. His speech is rapid, almost brusque; he talks with the confidence of one who knows he is a spellbinder.

Excavations, Yadin informs us, are already in progress at a number of sites. Teams are working, for example, on the upper and lower sections of Herod's palace; the lower sections promise to reveal more because they have been virtually inaccessible to would-be despoilers. (He interrupts to pay tribute to the army engineer corps for its construction of stairways to the lower tiers.) A trial dig has also been started on the second largest structure of the fortress, with the

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hope of finding out what purpose the building might have served.

Yadin saves the most important news for the end: in a cave on the southern cliff, some twenty feet below the summit, fifteen skeletons have been found. It is not certain who these people were, but fragments of clothing found with the bones are of a type that was worn by the Jews of the 1st century.

AFTER YADIN LEAVES US, we tour Masada. Dan Bahat, an earnest young archaeologist, shows us Herod's palace. In the upper section an exquisite mosaic floor is in the process of being uncovered. We descend, first to the middle tier, a semicircular building whose function is as yet unknown; then to the lower section. We look out to the blue expanse of the Dead Sea on our right, and the savage desert on our left. We inspect the pillars set in the rock, and some frescoes. Herod built wisely: it is cool here.

When we return to the summit we are shown the storehouses by Shmaryahu Goodman, the only archaeologist on this dig other than Yadin who is known to us. Having been in charge of some trial digs here in the 50's, he knows all about Masada. His extensive studies in Jerusalem and England were financed by the kibbutz of which he continues to be a member. Dust and sweat cover his small, wiry body as he bounds from rock to rock while expounding on his consuming passion—archaeology. To us, the uninitiated, the storehouses are at first rather uninteresting, especially as compared to the palace itself. To Goodman, though, they are an object of wonder, a sense of which he succeeds in the end in conveying to us. He points out that the storerooms cover about one of the summit's twenty acres, and that the work of restoring them has only begun. At present the rocks are being cleared away from the floors and the walls are being rebuilt. Thus far there have been no finds, but we know from Josephus that the storerooms represented a marvelous achievement:

... here was lain up corn in large quantities, and such as would sustain men for a long time; here was also wine and oil in abundance, with all kinds of pulse and dates heaped up together. ... These fruits were also fresh and full ripe, in no way worse than on the day they were lain in. Yet from that day to the day of capture by the Romans was about a hundred years.

We proceed to the southern edge, where we descend by rope-ladder to the cave in which the skeletons have been found. The bones and fragments of cloth have already been placed in baskets, and there is not much to see. It is a cave like any other cave, except that its silence is occasionally broken by the ringing of a telephone: all parts of the expedition keep in constant touch with headquarters.

Yoram Safrera, discoverer of the cave and the skeletons, explains to us how much is known at present. The cave had at one time served as a living quarter, but the bodies were not thrown into it until after it was abandoned. We wonder mildly how this could have been established, but are more interested in hearing how Safrera discovered the cave in the first place. He replies that he explores the sides of cliffs by dangling from a parachute harness (he is a paratrooper in the army reserve), keeping in touch with the summit by walkie-talkie. Like Yoram Safrera, many of those now working on the Masada excavation are volunteers who have come from many different places. I met and interviewed a number of them last week in Arad: a seventeen-year old kibbutznik; a septuagenarian (Dr. Rosenberg) from Haifa; two youths from South Africa; a bearded novelist from England, who hoped to tape a program for the BBC but found that all rights had already been reserved; a young society girl from Barcelona, who admitted that before coming to Israel she had never done a single day's work in her life. I see her now, grimy and determined, rattling a heavy sieve full of earth.

We eat the normal expedition lunch of cheese, tomatoes, oranges, and tea. In mid-afternoon I return to Arad in an overloaded jeep that groans as it passes over the boulders.

"A promising start," Yadin has said.

Friday, November 8

Masada is far cooler now. Yadin has exchanged his sun hat for a knitted woolen cap. This time, as he gives us a progress report, he is smoking a straight-stemmed pipe.

The trial dig at the second largest building has revealed it to be Masada's administrative center and it is now referred to as the western palace. Proper excavations will start there next week. The work on the main palace is going well: a huge, brightly colored fresco has been discovered, and Luciano Maranco of UNESCO has been flown in from Rome to take charge of its preservation. Silver-plated scales of armor have also been found in the palace; they are of a type that was worn only by high-ranking Roman officers. There have, in fact, been a number of finds, and not only within the palace itself; we will presently get to see them. At the moment, however, Yadin wishes to speak of more important discoveries.

The living quarters of the Zealots have been located: they lived within the double casemate wall itself, which was divided into separate rooms, each with its own cooking facilities. And the excavations have also revealed a good deal about the details of their lives, for the dry desert air has preserved even organic matter: olive and date stones, onion skins, a small, dehydrated pomegranate. "You can almost smell their last meal," Yadin says.

He saves the biggest news for the end. Shmaryahu Goodman's team has unearthed a building by the west wall, and, inside it, a pottery fragment with the inscription *Maaser Kohen* (the priestly tithe). The evidence suggests that the building may have been a synagogue; if so, it would be the earliest synagogue ever discovered.

Yadin himself conducts the tour this time, so we are not permitted to linger; he moves us quickly from palace to wall to the remains of the presumed synagogue. Then we are taken to the main camp of the expedition, a series of tents four hundred feet below the summit, not far from where, long ago, the Roman Silva established his headquarters during the siege of Masada.

We inspect some of the finds. There are vessels for cooking, cosmetic implements, arrowheads, slingshots (all from the living quarters of the Zealots), tarnished and black coins, a bronze lamp that might have belonged to Aladdin, an ivory tool handle, a toga pin, a silver ring, a belt buckle. There is a letter in Aramaic, written on a piece of pottery; it orders the dispatch of 500 dinars to one Bar Na'azi.

Yadin is particularly pleased by a fragment of a *talith* (prayer shawl). Thin mauve threads run through its pinkish gold cloth. He tells us he found similar fragments in his explorations of the caves of Ein Gedi.

Friday, November 22

The mountain has come to Mohammed: Yadin is in Arad for a press conference. We are all assembled in the town's small museum. Clearly there is important news, but Yadin will not be hurried. He begins with a routine report, all the while sipping lemonade through a straw.

Herod's three-tiered palace has now been completely excavated. Two skeletons have been found there; one of them, a woman's, has a plait of brown hair still attached to the skull. Work on the storehouses is still in progress. After two months of clearing away stones, the proper work of digging has barely begun, but already more than forty jars have been unearthed. On the southern casemate wall, the excavation of the Zealot living quarters continues. The jars found here bear the names of their owners; one name, Hanan Bar Yosef, also occurs on a parchment list discovered in the same room. Apparently the Zealots had a system of rationing, or at least the jars, probably containing food or water, were systematically distributed to the defenders. The building by the west wall is almost certainly a synagogue constructed by the Zealots: a row of pillars has been unearthed and twenty-one oil-lamps have been found in the vicinity. There have been other finds as well: seventeen very rare silver shekels from the time of the Revolt; four papyrus documents, among which is a list of items of clothing that contains the terms *tunica* and *pallium*. (Latin documents of this peri-

od are almost non-existent, Yadin informs us, for Greek was almost always used as the written language.)

"And finally," he says, "it is my privilege for the first time to be able to tell Negev journalists of the discovery of two scrolls."

One scroll, twelve inches wide and seventeen inches long, contains Chapters 81 to 85 of the Book of Psalms, apparently in a Masoretic version of the text. The little that has been deciphered of the second scroll is similar in style and terminology to the Dead Sea Scrolls found at Qumran fifteen years ago. But whereas the date of composition of the Dead Sea Scrolls continues to be a matter of controversy, there is one factor of immense significance about the Masada find: discovered, as they were, in ruins "sealed" by the destruction of the fortress, the Masada scrolls must have been written before 73 C.E.

Yadin counsels caution in our treatment of this news, reminding us that only fragments have been found and that further work is necessary. But at the same time his voice and manner suggest that a momentous discovery has taken place. We know we have a headline story.

Saturday, November 23

The story will attract little attention in the newspapers. Yesterday the President of the United States was assassinated.

Friday, December 27

Amid the luxury of Beersheba's Desert Inn Hotel, Yadin, arriving punctually at one, shaking the dust from his clothes, ordering brandy from a waiter in a dinner jacket, looks out of place, but acts the same as always. Not until he has reported on the progress of work at all the sites, and not until he has lectured us on the intricacies of archaeology and ancient history, does he consent—after pausing to finish his brandy and clear his throat—to talk about the scrolls.

The second scroll, it has now been established, is much more than merely "similar in style and terminology" to the Dead Sea Scrolls; it is part of the same literature. It deals with the liturgy of Sabbath sacrifices and makes use of a calendar year of 364 days, 12 months of thirty days plus 4 intercalary days. This calendar is unique to the Qumran settlement. The scroll in question is a part of another scroll found previously in cave IV at Qumran. Therefore the Dead Sea Scrolls must also have been written before 73 C.E.: all theories ascribing a later date to them have been invalidated.

So much is clear, but Yadin does not let it go at that, for he is aware that the discovery of a Qumran scroll at Masada casts doubt on all those scholars—including Yadin himself—who had maintained that Qumran was an Essene community. What would bring the pacifist Essenes to the warlike Zealots of Masada? A minority of scholars—

most notably Professor Cecil Roth of Oxford—has always maintained that Qumran was a Zealot settlement.* Is not the new discovery compelling evidence in favor of the minority theory?

Yadin points out that one Yohanan the Essene was listed by Josephus as a Jewish area commander. Therefore the Essenes did sometimes fight. He maintains that a group of Essenes fled to Masada after the fall of Qumran and joined the Zealots. These non-pacifist Essenes probably brought some scrolls along with them.

Friday, January 31, 1964

The last press conference has evoked a controversy in the *Jerusalem Post*. Cecil Roth wrote to the effect that the name of one area commander constituted very flimsy evidence for Essene belligerency. And if (or since) the Essenes were indeed pacifists, what would they be doing in a Zealot fortress? Roth appealed to Yadin to admit his past mistakes and to help restore the Zealots to their rightful place in Jewish history. Yadin, in a very brief reply, suggested that the controversy be delayed until the relevant material was published. Whereupon a partisan of the "medieval theory," which holds that the Dead Sea Scrolls were medieval forgeries, demanded that Yadin take his own advice. Yadin did not reply.

We have not driven to Masada since November. In the meantime eight inches of rain have fallen (in recent years the average rainfall has been only two inches). The desert hills are carpeted with green and there are flowers everywhere—white, yellow, mauve, pink. An occasional scarlet poppy punctuates the landscape. The camels of the Bedouin can be seen now; usually their sandy-brown color blends into the arid desert background. It is bitter cold.

The summit of Masada is covered with purple and gold flowers. Josephus: "The plateau was of rich soil, more workable than any plain."

Only a few of the original volunteers are left, among them the bearded sociologist from South Africa. I see him each time he comes to Arad. He has told me of the many hardships, the sudden and fantastic floods, the tents blown away by the winter wind; and he has told me of his admiration for Yadin, who is on the move from early morning to late at night, at which time he pores over the day's finds.

Having nothing sensational to report, Yadin confines himself to a detailed report of progress. Afterward, as usual, we tour Masada.

Wednesday, April 29

Our final press conference. The land is burned and brown again; the *hamsin* (desert wind) has done its work. Yadin tells us that today he will

* See Professor Roth's articles, "A Solution to the Mystery of the Scrolls," and "New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls," *COMMENTARY* October 1957 and June 1964.—Ed.

meet with us after our tour of Masada for a final summing-up. He promises news of another scroll discovery.

We move from site to site, noting the progress since last October.

Northern Palace. They have dug beneath the terrace of the top tier and found the remnants of a building even older than Herod's palace, possibly the fortress of the high-priest Jonathan. It is more likely than ever that the man called Jonathan by Josephus was Alexander Janneus, since twenty coins bearing the latter's inscription have been found.

Western Palace. The excavations have shown it to be almost as elaborate as the northern palace. It is now assumed that Herod received his guests and deputations here.

A chamber at first thought to be a guard room has turned out to be the largest Roman bath house ever discovered in Israel, even larger than the one at Jericho. It is in a uniquely good state of preservation and very much resembles a modern Turkish bath. There are hot rooms, cold rooms, dressing rooms, even a sit-down lavatory—the oldest one known—with a flushing system. Many of the heating pipes set into the walls of the hot room are still in position.

The Synagogue. No doubt remains that it was a synagogue. Among the finds in its vicinity is an *ostrokon*—an ink inscription on pottery—reading *Letohorot Hakodesh* (to the Holy Law). Under the floor of the synagogue are Herodian ruins, which suggests that the building was one of the very few built by the Zealots, who usually merely added to what they found.

A good deal more is known about the Zealots now than when the Masada excavations started, making us less dependent upon the testimony of Josephus. We know from the many coins found that they had a money economy; it is likely that even when under siege they paid for their provisions. We also now know some of their names—Nahum ben Eleazar, Yaacov bar Ezra. And we even have an eloquent, if silent, comment by the Zealots on Herod's luxury. In the western palace one can see where a Zealot cooking stove appears to have burned a portion of a Herodian fresco. The scene evokes a picture of bearded, angry men and their disdain for ornamental works of art.

We are told that they put the bath house to their own use; in all probability they converted it into a *mikveh* (ritual bath).

WE GATHER in a hut of the camp below the summit to attend Yadin's final briefing. Cheese sandwiches, halvah, and orangeade are served, and then Yadin begins. He shows signs of weariness and is smoking cigarettes instead of his usual pipe.

He starts with statistics. The six-and-a-half month dig was the longest ever undertaken in Israel. Thirty-five thousand workdays were contributed by over two thousand volunteers from the army, the kibbutzim, all parts of Israel, and thirty-two foreign countries. To date, the expedition has cost over \$250,000, which has been contributed by the Sacher and Kennedy families, the Wolfson Foundation, and the *Observer*—all of London.

On the basis of the various finds alone, the expenditure has been worthwhile: 2,200 coins, including 20 silver shekels; nearly 200 *ostrokons*; scrolls of Psalms, Genesis, Leviticus, liturgy, and one resembling the Book of Esther. Another \$400,000 must be raised in Israel so that the site can be preserved. Future projects include the strengthening and partial reconstruction of as many buildings as possible, as well as the restoration of mosaics and frescoes. Work will resume in November, and, hopefully, the site will be open to visitors by April of 1965.

He pays tribute to the "quite outstanding" work of his team, the army, and the volunteers. There were only two rules in effect for volunteers: they had to be at work on time, and they were forbidden to wander alone in any area. With deep regret Yadin reports that there was one casualty: a workman who fell to his death from a twenty-foot cliff.

Finally, he tells us of the latest scroll to be discovered: a Hebrew version, dating to the first

century B.C.E., of the book of Ben Sirah. He appends a lesson in history so that we may understand the significance of this find.

Some time during the 2nd century B.C.E., Yehoshuah Ben Sirah wrote the Apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus in Hebrew, but hitherto the earliest available version of the work was a 2nd-century copy of an earlier Greek translation by Ben Sirah's grandson. In 1896, to be sure, with the opening of the Cairo Geniza by Professor Solomon Schechter (then of Cambridge University and later president of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York) a Hebrew text had been discovered. Since, however, that manuscript could be dated to the 9th century C.E., it might well have been a re-translation into Hebrew from Greek or Latin or Syriac. The Masada scroll, which can be dated by its style of lettering to 50 B.C.E., is thus not only the earliest copy of Ecclesiasticus ever found; it also authenticates the later and more completely preserved Geniza version.

Friday, May 8

The newspapers report that the skeletons found at Masada have been buried in the cemetery at the Galilean town of Yodfat, which fell to the Romans in the early years of the Jewish Revolt. In the presence of ten witnesses they were laid to rest in a communal grave.*

* Yadin has since denied this story categorically—En.

ON BECOMING A WRITER*

Ralph Ellison

IN THE BEGINNING writing was far from a serious matter; it was a reflex of reading, an extension of a source of pleasure, escape, and instruction. In fact, I had become curious about writing by way of seeking to understand the aesthetic nature of literary power, the devices through which literature could command my mind and emotions. It was not, then, the *process* of writing which initially claimed my attention, but the finished creations, the artifacts, poems, plays, novels. The act of learning writing technique was, therefore, an amusing investigation of what seemed at best a secondary talent, an exploration, like dabbling in sculpture, of one's potentialities as a "Renaissance Man." This, surely, would seem a most unlikely and even comic concept to introduce here; and yet, it is precisely because I come from where I do (the Oklahoma of the years between World War I and the Great Depression) that I must introduce it, and with a straight face.

Anything and everything was to be found in the chaos of Oklahoma; thus the concept of the Renaissance Man has lurked long within the shadow of my past, and I shared it with at least a half dozen of my Negro friends. How we actually acquired it I have never learned, and since there is no true sociology of the dispersion of ideas within the American democracy, I doubt if I ever shall. Perhaps we breathed it in with the air of the Negro community of Oklahoma City, the capital of that state whose Negroes were often charged by exasperated white Texans with not knowing their "place." Perhaps we took it defiantly from one of them. Or perhaps I myself picked it up from some transplanted New Englander whose shoes I had shined of a Saturday afternoon. After all, the most meaningful tips do not always come in the form of money, nor are they intentionally extended. Most likely, however, my friends and I acquired the idea from some book or from some idealistic Negro teacher, some dreamer seeking to function responsibly in an environment which at its most normal took on some of the mixed character of nightmare and of dream.

One thing is certain, ours was a chaotic community, still characterized by frontier attitudes and by that strange mixture of the naive and sophisticated, the benign and malignant, which makes the American past so puzzling and its present so confusing; that mixture which often affords the minds of the young who grow up in

the far provinces such wide and unstructured latitude, and which encourages the individual's imagination—up to the moment "reality" closes in upon him—to range widely and, sometimes, even to soar.

We hear the effects of this in the Southwestern jazz of the 30's, that joint creation of artistically free and exuberantly creative adventurers, of artists who had stumbled upon the freedom lying within the restrictions of their musical tradition as within the limitations of their social background, and who in their own unconscious way have set an example for any Americans, Negro or white, who would find themselves in the arts. They accepted themselves and the complexity of life as they knew it, they loved their art and through it they celebrated American experience definitively in sound. Whatever others thought or felt, this was their own powerful statement, and only non-musical assaults upon their artistic integrity—mainly economically inspired changes of fashion—were able to compromise their vision.

Much of so-called Kansas City jazz was actually brought to perfection in Oklahoma by Oklahomans. It is an important circumstance for me as a writer to remember, because while these musicians and their fellows were busy creating out of tradition, imagination, and the sounds and emotions around them, a freer, more complex, and driving form of jazz, my friends and I were exploring an idea of human versatility and possibility which went against the barbs or over the palings of almost every fence which those who controlled social and political power had erected to restrict our roles in the life of the country. Looking back, one might say that the jazzmen, some of whom we idolized, were in their own way better examples for youth to follow than were most judges and ministers, legislators and governors (we were stuck with the notorious Alfalfa Bill Murray). For as we viewed these pillars of society from the confines of our segregated community we almost always saw crooks, clowns, or hypocrites. Even the best were revealed by their attitudes toward us as lacking the respectable qualities to which they pretended and for which they were accepted outside by others, while despite the outlaw nature of their art, the jazzmen were less torn and damaged by the moral compromises and insincerities which have so sickened the life of our country.

Be that as it may, our youthful sense of life, like that of many Negro children (though no one bothers to note it—especially the specialists and "friends of the Negro" who view our Negro-

* Copyright © 1964 by Ralph Ellison.

American life as essentially non-human) was very much like that of Huckleberry Finn, who is universally so praised and enjoyed for the clarity and courage of his moral vision. Like Huck, we observed, we judged, we imitated and evaded as we could the dullness, corruption, and blindness of "civilization." We were undoubtedly comic because, as the saying goes, we weren't supposed to know what it was all about. But to ourselves we were "boys," members of a wild, free, outlaw tribe which transcended the category of race. Rather we were Americans born into the forty-sixth state, and thus, into the context of Negro-American post-Civil War history, "frontiersmen." And isn't one of the implicit functions of the American frontier to encourage the individual to a kind of dreamy wakefulness, a state in which he makes—in all ignorance of the accepted limitations of the possible—rash efforts, quixotic gestures, hopeful testings of the complexity of the known and the given?

Spurring us on in our controlled and benign madness was the voracious reading of which most of us were guilty and the vicarious identification and empathetic adventuring which it encouraged. This was due, in part, perhaps to the fact that some of us were fatherless—my own father had died when I was three—but most likely it was because boys are natural romantics. We were seeking examples, patterns to live by, out of a freedom which for all its being ignored by the sociologists and subtle thinkers, was implicit in the Negro situation. Father and mother substitutes also have a role to play in aiding the child to help create himself. Thus we fabricated our own heroes and ideals catch-as-catch-can; and with an outrageous and irreverent sense of freedom. Yes, and in complete disregard of ideas of respectability or the surreal incongruity of some of our projections. Gamblers and scholars, jazz musicians and scientists, Negro cowboys and soldiers from the Spanish-American and First World Wars, movie stars and stunt men, figures from the Italian Renaissance and literature, both classical and popular, were combined with the special virtues of some local bootlegger, the eloquence of some Negro preacher, the strength and grace of some local athlete, the ruthlessness of some businessman-physician, the elegance in dress and manners of some head-waiter or hotel doorman.

LOOKING BACK through the shadows upon this absurd activity, I realize now that we were projecting archetypes, recreating folk figures, legendary heroes, monsters even, most of which violated all ideas of social hierarchy and order and all accepted conceptions of the hero handed down by cultural, religious, and racist tradition. But we, remember, were under the intense spell of the early movies, the silents as well as the talkies; and in our community, life was not so tightly

structured as it would have been in the traditional South—or even in deceptively "free" Harlem. And our imaginations processed reality and dream, natural man and traditional hero, literature and folklore, like maniacal editors turned loose in some frantic film-cutting room. Remember, too, that being boys, yet in the play-stage of our development, we were dream-serious in our efforts. But serious nevertheless, for *cultural* play is a preparation, and we felt that somehow the human ideal lay in the vague and constantly shifting figures—sometimes comic but always versatile, picaresque, and self-effacingly heroic—which evolved from our wildly improvisatory projections: figures neither white nor black, Christian nor Jewish, but representative of certain desirable essences, of skills and powers, physical, aesthetic, and moral.

The proper response to these figures was, we felt, to develop ourselves for the performance of many and diverse roles, and the fact that certain definite limitations had been imposed upon our freedom did not lessen our sense of obligation. Not only were we to prepare but we were to perform—not with mere competence but with an almost reckless verve; with, may we say (without evoking the quaint and questionable notion of *négritude*) Negro-American style? Behind each artist there stands a traditional sense of style, a sense of the felt tension indicative of expressive completeness; a mode of humanizing reality and of evoking a feeling of being at home in the world. It is something which the artist shares with the group, and part of our boyish activity expressed a yearning to make any and everything of quality *Negro-American*; to appropriate it, possess it, recreate it in our own group and individual images.

And we recognized and were proud of our group's own style wherever we discerned it, in jazzmen and prize-fighters, ballplayers, and tap dancers; in gesture, inflection, intonation, timbre, and phrasing. Indeed, in all those nuances of expression and attitude which reveal a culture. We did not fully understand the cost of that style, but we recognized within it an affirmation of life beyond all question of our difficulties as Negroes.

Contrary to the notion currently projected by certain specialists in the "Negro problem" which characterizes the Negro American as self-hating and defensive, we did not so regard ourselves. We felt, among ourselves at least, that we were supposed to be whoever we would and could be and do anything and everything which other boys did, and do it better. Not defensively, because we were ordered to do so; nor because it was held in the society at large that we were naturally, as Negroes, limited—but because we demanded it of ourselves. Because to measure up to our own standards was the only way of affirming our notion of manhood.

Hence it was no more incongruous, as seen from our own particular perspective in this land of incongruities, for young Negro Oklahomans to project themselves as Renaissance men than for white Mississippians to see themselves as ancient Greeks or noblemen out of Sir Walter Scott. Surely our fantasies have caused far less damage to the nation's sense of reality, if for no other reason than that ours were expressive of a more democratic ideal. Remember, too, as William Faulkner made us so vividly aware, that the slaves often took the essence of the aristocratic ideal (as they took Christianity) with far more seriousness than their masters, and that we, thanks to the tight telescoping of American history, were but two generations from that previous condition. Renaissance men, indeed!

I managed, by keeping quiet about it, to cling to our boyish ideal during three years in Alabama, and I brought it with me to New York, where it not only gave silent support to my explorations of what was then an unknown territory, but served to mock and caution me when I became interested in the Communist ideal. And when it was suggested that I try my hand at writing it was still with me.

THE ACT OF writing requires a constant plunging back into the shadow of the past where time hovers ghostlike. When I began writing in earnest I was forced, thus, to relate myself consciously and imaginatively to my mixed background as American, as Negro-American, and as a Negro from what in its own belated way was a pioneer background. More important, and inseparable from this particular effort, was the necessity of determining my true relationship to that body of American literature to which I was most attracted and through which, aided by what I could learn from the literatures of Europe, I would find my own voice and to which I was challenged, by way of achieving myself, to make some small contribution, and to whose composite picture of reality I was obligated to offer some necessary modifications.

This was no matter of sudden insight but of slow and blundering discovery, of a struggle to stare down the deadly and hypnotic temptation to interpret the world and all its devices in terms of race. To avoid this was very important to me, and in light of my background far from simple. Indeed, it was quite complex, involving as it did, a ceaseless questioning of all those formulas which historians, politicians, sociologists, and an older generation of Negro leaders and writers—those of the so-called “Negro Renaissance”—had evolved to describe my group's identity, its predicament, its fate, and its relation to the larger society and the culture which we share.

Here the question of reality and personal identity merge. Yes, and the question of the nature

of the reality which underlies American fiction and thus the human truth which gives fiction viability. In this quest, for such it soon became, I learned that nothing could go unchallenged; especially that feverish industry dedicated to telling Negroes who and what they are, and which can usually be counted upon to deprive both humanity and culture of their complexity. I had undergone, not too many months before taking the path which led to writing, the humiliation of being taught in a class in sociology at a Negro college (from Park and Burgess, the leading textbook in the field) that Negroes represented the “lady of the races.” This contention the Negro instructor passed blandly along to us without even bothering to wash his hands, much less his teeth. Well, I had no intention of being bound by any such humiliating definition of my relationship to American literature. Not even to those works which depicted Negroes negatively. Negro Americans have a highly developed ability to abstract desirable qualities from those around them, even from their enemies, and my sense of reality could reject bias while appreciating the truth revealed by achieved art. The pleasure which I derived from reading had long been a necessity, and in the act of reading, that marvelous collaboration between the writer's artful vision and the reader's sense of life, I had become acquainted with other possible selves; freer, more courageous and ingenuous and, during the course of the narrative at least, even wise.

At the time I was under the influence of Ernest Hemingway, and his description, in *Death in the Afternoon*, of his thinking when he first went to Spain became very important as translated in my own naïve fashion. He was trying to write, he tells us,

and I found the greatest difficulty aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced

His statement of moral and aesthetic purpose which followed focused my own search to relate myself to American life through literature. For I found the greatest difficulty for a Negro writer was the problem of revealing what he truly felt, rather than serving up what Negroes were supposed to feel, and were encouraged to feel. And linked to this was the difficulty, based upon our long habit of deception and evasion, of depicting what really happened within our areas of American life, and putting down with honesty and without bowing to ideological expediences the attitudes and values which give Negro-American life its sense of wholeness and which render it bearable and human and, when measured by our own terms, desirable.

I was forced to this awareness through my

struggles with the craft of fiction; yes, and by my attraction (soon rejected) to Marxist political theory, which was my response to the inferior status which society sought to impose upon me (I did not then, now, or ever *consider* myself inferior).

I did not know my true relationship to America—what citizen of the U.S. really does?—but I did know and accept how I felt inside. And I also knew, thanks to the old Renaissance Man, what I expected of myself in the matter of personal discipline and creative quality. Since by the grace of the past and the examples of manhood picked willy-nilly from the continuing-present of my background, I rejected all negative definitions imposed upon me by others, there was nothing to do but search for those relationships which were fundamental.

In this sense fiction became the agency of my efforts to answer the questions, Who am I, what am I, how did I come to be? What shall I make of the life around me, what celebrate, what reject, how confront the snarl of good and evil which is inevitable? What does American society *mean* when regarded out of my *own* eyes, when informed by my *own* sense of the past and viewed by my *own* complex sense of the present? How, in other words, should I think of myself and my pluralistic sense of the world, how express my vision of the human predicament, without reducing it to a point which would render it sterile before that necessary and tragic—though enhancing—reduction which must occur before the fictive vision can come alive? It is quite possible that much potential fiction by Negro Americans fails precisely at this point: through the writers' refusal (often through provincialism or lack of courage or through opportunism) to achieve a vision of life and a resourcefulness of craft commensurate with the complexity of their actual situation. Too often they fear to leave the uneasy sanctuary of race to take their chances in the world of art.

RALPH ELLISON is the author of the widely acclaimed novel, *Invisible Man*. In somewhat different form, the present piece will serve as the introduction to a collection of Mr. Ellison's essays, *Shadow and Act*, which is to be published later this month by Random House.

* * *

THE JACOBS AFFAIR

Alfred Sherman

THE FUNDAMENTALIST tenet that God actually dictated the whole Torah—including the Talmud—verbatim and in its authorized text to Moses on Mount Sinai would seem an unlikely matter over which the passions of contemporary Jews could be inflamed. Yet the prosperous and relatively ur-

bane Jewish community of England was recently split into two warring camps in a dispute over precisely this tenet. For the offense of having called it into question, Dr. Louis Jacobs, one of the most prominent of the younger Orthodox rabbis in England, was hounded out of the United Synagogue, the country's largest and hitherto most latitudinarian synagogal organization. As a further consequence, the management committee of Jacobs's congregation—made up of some of the most distinguished figures in public and Jewish life—was removed from office by the United Synagogue's governing council. In the course of the struggle this council combined with the Rabbinical establishment (which is composed mainly of recent immigrant stock) to rout the old patrician Anglo-Jewish families who had founded the United Synagogue and previously dominated it.

The Jacobs affair was significant on various levels. As a theological dispute, it involved a clash between fundamentalism and revision, reform, modernization—there seems to be no neutral word for religious change. As an exercise in ecclesiastical politics, it was worthy of a C.P. Snow novel, presenting as it did the spectacle of moderate reformers being out-manuevered by diehards with greater political zeal and fewer scruples. Finally, and most importantly, it was a symptom of a deep and persistent crisis within the Anglo-Jewish community. For the passions aroused by the Jacobs affair indicated to what a large extent the process of Anglicization is felt by many people to be a threat to Jewish survival itself.

ORTHODOXY in England is by no means limited to "Torah-true" Jews, as those who are Orthodox in the American sense frequently call themselves; the latter account for only about 10 per cent of the membership of the United Synagogue.* A second group within that organization is roughly comparable to the right-wing of American Conservative Judaism, but most members of the United Synagogue do not fall into either of these categories. For them, Orthodoxy simply means residual Jewishness, an unwillingness to break away completely from the religious community, combined with an insufficient concern with religious matters to affiliate with Reform or Liberal Judaism.† The United Synagogue officiates at bar-mitzvahs, weddings, and funerals; it provides minimal religious instruction and serves as a focus for whatever communal life there is. That is all that most of its members ask. Only about 10 per cent of them regularly attend Sabbath serv-

* As many again belong to purely Orthodox—"Torah-true"—synagogal groupings which have never recognized the Chief Rabbi's authority.

† The English equivalent of American Reform Judaism is called Liberal Judaism. What the English call Reform is comparable to left-wing Conservatism in America. Reform and Liberal Judaism together account for some 10 per cent of synagogue membership in Greater London, and even less in the provinces.

ices, and half of those who do drive to synagogue. It is doubtful whether a majority observes *kashrut* in the home.

Thus Britain's pattern of synagogue affiliation differs considerably from that of the United States, even though the Jews of both countries come from similar backgrounds and enjoy similar levels of economic achievement and acculturation. The difference can be traced to the role of the old patrician Anglo-Jewish families who founded the United Synagogue in 1870 as a Jewish equivalent to the Church of England. These families—the Rothschilds, the Montagues, the Samuels, etc.—were rarely observant Jews, but they gave their names, money, and time—in approximately that order—to the United Synagogue out of a sense of duty: it was the thing to do for any English gentleman who happened to be “of the Jewish faith.” Being more or less indifferent to religious matters, they had no objection to the nominally Orthodox nature of the United Synagogue. Paradoxically enough, therefore, the United Synagogue was for decades led by men who neither believed in its doctrines nor practiced its rituals.

The changes which finally culminated in the Jacobs affair were slow to occur and slower to be noticed. After 1880, masses of Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe streamed into England—and into the United Synagogue—coming finally to constitute a majority. However, even after they had found their feet economically and politically, they remained culturally and psychologically far less Anglicized than the old families.

Neither group really understood the other. The patricians considered themselves “Englishmen of the Jewish faith” (an adequate enough description) and expected the immigrants to become more and more like them as they became less and less “foreign.” The immigrants, however, had never been Poles or Russians of the Jewish faith, but always Jews of the Jewish faith. Now, in England, they regarded themselves as the only authentic Jews; the old families simply seemed de-Judaized. (There were, to be sure, many among the newcomers who wished no more than to become Englishmen or Anglicized Jews, but they were by the nature of things the ones least active in communal life.) As their numbers and power increased, the “authentic” Jews came increasingly to resent the domination of communal and synagogue life by the “inauthentic” old families. Meanwhile, the process of Anglicization began to work on the children of the immigrants, eroding religious observance and Jewish identification, and confirming the “authentic” Jews in their suspicion of all aspects of assimilation, as well as in their opposition to patrician rule.

In the course of time, a number of new synagogues, all belonging to or affiliated with the United Synagogue, were established in Jewish middle-class and lower-middle-class neighborhoods. These congregations, composed almost en-

tirely of new families, were usually run by the more devout among them—the element most hostile to the rule of the old families. The new synagogue officers, however, were not alone in this hostility. They found an ally in the growing class of professional religious functionaries (rabbis, *daiyyanim*, *kashrut* and *shechitah* supervisors, beadles, kosher butchers and caterers, Hebrew teachers, etc.) who also strongly favored “the old-time religion,” and who resented their subordination to undevout, unlearned Jews. The alliance was further strengthened by the influx of militantly Orthodox refugees from Central and Eastern Europe in the 30's and 40's, and by a group of newly rich Jews of East European stock who in some cases were a good deal wealthier than many of the old families, without, however, having been socially accepted by them.

It was this coalition which last year proved too much for the then President of the United Synagogue Council, the Hon. Ewen Montagu, a judge and the scion of a family which had been ennobled before the First World War. Montagu surrendered his post to Sir Isaac Wolfson, a multi-millionaire of the new class, in the hope that Wolfson's wealth and standing among the “new men” would allow him to control an increasingly rebellious Council. The Jacobs affair began under Montagu's presidency; with the election of Wolfson, the stage was set for its culmination.

DR. LOUIS JACOBS, the favorite son of modern Orthodoxy, has an unusual background. Though born into a non-religious working-class family in Manchester, he became devoutly religious as a boy, and eventually studied at a yeshiva and then at Jews' College (the seminary jointly maintained by the United Synagogue and other London synagogal organizations). Nor was his education confined to Jewish studies; he also managed to acquire a thorough grounding in philosophy, psychology, and comparative religion. In 1954, at the age of thirty-four, he was called to the pulpit of the New West End Synagogue in London's fashionable Bayswater district, where his erudition, piety, and zeal made an immediate impact. He was especially adept in dealing with the skepticism of the Oxbridge-educated younger generation, being able—unlike many rabbis—to offer them more than admonitions and platitudes. And his success with the young was especially important to an older generation whose main concern was that their children might drift away completely from Judaism and even “marry out.”

This concern is by no means peculiar to the old families, who have generally worked out a viable identity as English Jews over the years. As a matter of fact, it mainly plagues the second-generation English Jews, who are still in the midst of an exciting but unsettling transition from one identity to another, and for many of whom “Jew” still seems an alternative to “Englishman.” Them-

selves the products of an Orthodox upbringing by parents who really meant it, they have tried to pass on as much as possible to their children, but they lack the wholehearted belief without which Orthodoxy loses its power. While the diehard Orthodox still hope to bring their sons up to be as strictly Orthodox as they themselves are, the second-generation parents of Bayswater know that only a Judaism that is English and modern, yet able to match Christianity in spiritual fervor, can maintain its hold on the third generation. Under other circumstances they might have turned to Reform or Liberal synagogues, but with Rabbi Jacobs in the pulpit of the New West End Synagogue, they were spared the necessity of breaking with their past affiliations. They could enjoy the best of both worlds: a congregation sedately Anglo-Jewish and yet nominally Orthodox.

Jacobs's writings, especially *We Have Reason to Believe* and *Principles of the Jewish Faith*, have as their primary intention an effort to restate traditional Judaism in terms that seem plausible to the 20th-century mind. Operating on the assumption that Judaism is fully consistent with reason, Jacobs raises major objections to only three of Maimonides's thirteen articles of faith. First, he questions the Mosaic authorship, Sinaitic origin, and textual accuracy of the writings after the Pentateuch, though accepting them as works of divine revelation. Second, he rejects the belief in physical resurrection, though affirming the soul's survival after death. And, finally, he disputes the concept of punishment in the world to come. At the same time, he differs from Reform and Liberal Judaism on a number of important questions. For example, he places a high value on consensus, continuity, and the avoidance of abrupt changes which, he says, can serve only to bewilder the faithful; he also lays an almost Jungian stress on the therapeutic importance of ritual, justifying the continued observance of even those practices which in his view are based on a misreading of the Bible (e.g., the prohibition of mixing milk with meat); and he hopes—ironically, as things turned out—for a “Catholic Israel” united under the “broad umbrella” of Anglo-Jewish Orthodoxy.

Whereas Jacobs regarded his writings as a necessary reinterpretation of Judaism for the modern believer, the fundamentalists saw them as the beginning of apostasy—and so did the second-generation families in the suburbs, where Orthodoxy faces a different challenge than in Bayswater and other fashionable districts. The young people in these suburban congregations do not go to public schools or to Oxford and Cambridge and hence are in no danger from the intellectual Christianity fashionable in those places; what endangers their Jewish identification is the secularism of English society in general. To their parents, Jacobs seemed just one more threat to the old

way of life. More specifically, they feared that his writings would undermine the authority of the Chief Rabbi and of the whole synagogue.

THE JACOBS AFFAIR proper began in 1959, when Jacobs accepted an appointment as Tutor of Jews' College, with the understanding that he would eventually replace the principal, who was shortly due to retire. At the time, Jews' College was in dire straits, faced with a declining enrollment, and possessing neither the academic resources of a university nor the fervor of a yeshiva. The officers of the college, headed by Sir Alan Mocatta, a judge and a member of an old Sephardic family, hoped that Jacobs could do for Jews' College what he had done for the New West End Synagogue. They had reason to understand that Jacobs's future appointment as principal would secure the Chief Rabbi's consent, as the college's constitution requires, though they did not actually have a commitment from him.

The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Israel Brodie, is today castigated as the villain of the piece by supporters of Jacobs, and hailed as the champion of Orthodoxy by the very fundamentalists who had once scorned him as an “imitation clergyman.” Dr. Brodie was appointed Chief Rabbi in 1948 because he was considered safe, tolerant, and unlikely to cause embarrassment. British-born and Oxford-educated, he is of distinguished appearance and has a good speaking voice and accent. Moreover, he served as chaplain to the armed forces in both World Wars. In the 50's, however, he came increasingly under the influence of the fundamentalists and began to fulminate against Reform and Liberal Judaism, which he described as “no Judaism at all and the greatest danger to Jewish survival.” Previously he had mellifluously pleaded for toleration; now he joined the Orthodox rabbinate in refusing to participate with Reform or Liberal ministers in any function whatsoever, even under the auspices of the Council of Christians and Jews, where he had once pleaded for interfaith harmony. Furthermore, he refused to worship at synagogues which employed mixed choirs, and he forbade microphones and the use of the *Sephardit* (modern Israeli) accent at services.

Had Brodie either opposed or approved Jacobs's appointment from the start, events would have taken a different course. Instead he sat tight, hoping that the problem would solve itself. (At one point it seemed that Jacobs would accept one of the attractive offers he was getting from Conservative institutions in the United States.) The stalemate at Jews' College continued for two years. Brodie would not approve Jacobs's appointment as principal; the officers of the college would not appoint anyone else. In December 1961, after pressure on Brodie from various sources, including the influential *Jewish Chronicle*, had proved ineffective, Jacobs relinquished

his tutorship, whereupon all the honorary officers of Jews' College but one resigned in protest. The fundamentalists had won the round.

For a time it seemed that the Jacobs affair had run its course and that Brodie's term of office—he was due to retire in 1965—might draw to a peaceful if ineffectual close. But it was not to be. In 1963, Rabbi Pearl, Jacobs's successor at the New West End Synagogue and a man who shared Jacobs's views but was more discreet in expressing them, accepted an appointment in the United States. The management committee acted to return Rabbi Jacobs (then busying himself with the Society for the Study of Jewish Theology, newly founded by his supporters within the United Synagogue) to his old post. According to the United Synagogue constitution, ministers must be certified as proper persons by the Chief Rabbi before they take up an appointment. The management committee, however, argued that this was not an appointment but a re-appointment, and that neither the letter nor the spirit of the constitution required the re-certification of Rabbi Jacobs. Sir Isaac Wolfson held otherwise, and referred the application to Brodie who, predictably enough, refused to certify Jacobs.

Three months later, when the Jacobs affair had caught the attention of the national press, Rabbi Brodie attempted to justify his decision: "Those who are appointed rabbis and teachers of communities must by their very vocations and terms of their ordination as rabbis be the exponents of God's word embodied in the Torah, written and oral, with the sanction and authority attached thereto." The Chief Rabbi's pronouncement marked the first time that acceptance of fundamentalist tenets was made a condition of appointment in the United Synagogue. The significance of Brodie's dictum becomes clear when one remembers that the constitution describes the United Synagogue spirit as one of "progressive conservatism," and that three-quarters of its members believe in nothing beyond a vague deism. Since Jacobs's views were already well known in 1959, when he joined Jews' College without any protest by Brodie, this statement was conclusive evidence that a decisive "swing to the right" had taken place.

The management committee reacted to Dr. Brodie's rebuff by calling a members' meeting of the New West End Synagogue in the course of which an overwhelming majority of members voted to invite Jacobs back over the Chief Rabbi's ban. In response to this, Wolfson hurriedly summoned the United Synagogue Council to consider a motion removing the management committee from office. The meeting was a triumph for Wolfson and Brodie, particularly the former. Though they encountered intense opposition—led by Edmund de Rothschild, scion of the United Synagogue's founders and past presidents, and by some of the most famous names in Anglo-Jewry,

including Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, a former Lord Mayor of London—the victory went to Wolfson, the self-made millionaire who declared himself a "traditional" Jew acting for all "traditional" Jews.

It has been said that Wolfson's insistence on a show of hands as against a closed ballot was decisive for the outcome of the vote (120 to 90 in favor of the motion). A number of delegates either work for Wolfson, do business with him—particularly his chain-stores—or hope to in the future, and perhaps voted against their convictions rather than incur his displeasure. This may well be true, but it does not detract from Wolfson's victory. On the contrary, it shows how far the balance of power in the community has changed, with the new money overtaking the old, or with wealth now counting for more than the social distinction of the old families.

WHILE IT IS CLEAR that Wolfson, Brodie, and their supporters won a great victory—shaking all of Anglo-Jewry in the process—one might nevertheless question the long-run value of their triumph, for their control of the United Synagogue may well result in a decline in its power and usefulness. Since being removed, the management committee of the New West End Synagogue and a majority of the congregants have founded their own independent New London Synagogue, headed by Rabbi Jacobs. The new congregation is attracting wide support and has just acquired permanent buildings. Some who for years had been on the brink of defecting from Orthodoxy have been shocked by the Jacobs affair into joining Reform or Liberal synagogues. Others admit frankly that all that keeps them in the United Synagogue is the fear of losing the right to be buried in its cemeteries. Most English Jews do not believe in the doctrine of complete Sinaitic revelation, but many were quite happy to share the "broad umbrella" of the United Synagogue with those who did. Now that the Chief Rabbi has declared the doctrine compulsory, he has forced large numbers of these people to examine their own beliefs and to draw the necessary conclusions.

It is, of course, conceivable that Rabbi Brodie's successor will reverse this trend and effect a reconciliation, but there are two factors that make such an outcome improbable. First, the next Chief Rabbi will be chosen by Sir Isaac Wolfson, and secondly, the fundamentalists, having tasted blood, are not likely to become more conciliatory. Nevertheless, time is working against the fundamentalists. The security and prosperity which the younger generation has known from birth is not conducive to religious fervor, obsessive devotion to ritual, and intolerance toward other Jews. These youths, who will eventually constitute a majority, are likely to ask for a Judaism which does not unduly separate them from their Gentile compatriots, which makes use of

ritual but is not dominated by it, and which provides moral and intellectual edification that is relevant to life in 20th-century Britain. Before the Jacobs affair, it was thought that such a Judaism was obtainable under the "broad umbrella" of the United Synagogue. If, however, this body becomes increasingly indistinguishable from an ultra-Orthodox organization, it will lose a great many of its members.

If the younger generation should follow in the footsteps of the substantial number of professional men and patricians who have already made their way into Reform and Liberal synagogues, the Jacobs affair will have contributed to the "Americanization" of English synagogue organization by creating a division along the lines of Orthodoxy, Conservatism, and Reform. Unfortunately, however, there is no certainty that Jews who find the United Synagogue uncongenial will join another organization. Even now, some half of all Jewish families are unaffiliated with any synagogue; had it not been for the past structure of the United Synagogue, that number would almost certainly be greater. Thus the Jacobs affair may bring about a general decline in the religious affiliation of England's Jews, and the fundamentalists will then have won a pyrrhic victory indeed.

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MORTAL STATISTICS

Kathleen Nott

IF YOU GO to Sweden to ask questions, as I did a few years ago, you may well find that there is one question that some Swedes will try to get in first. This does not mean that they resent questions—officially, indeed, they seem to regard themselves as living in a glass house or social-research laboratory. But on one particular point they have become defensive. In the Press Room of the Foreign Office, my charming interlocutor leaned across his desk and said, "I suppose it's the suicide rate you've come about?" The riposte to this might be, "No, it's the drunkenness I'm interested in, or the auto accident rate, or the homosexuality," but actually it is the suicide rate which is the main draw for everyone, whether sociologically or idly curious.

There seems to be a certain objective justification for this: the suicide rate in Sweden is in fact higher than average. What is generally ignored, however, is that the rate in several other countries is just as high—about twenty per hundred

thousand of the population in Austria, Germany, and Switzerland (Japan, too, but it presents a special case). Moreover, the mention of Denmark, where the rate is also higher than average, does not provoke, as with Sweden, the automatic association, while Norway seldom comes into the discussion at all. It looks, then, as if both question and questioners need examination.

THE projection of national myths is common, and it is often reciprocal—the British used to call venereal disease "the French disease," whereas to the French it was "*la maladie anglaise*." At a time when most people never saw a foreigner in their lives and never so much as read a journalistic description of other countries, there was some excuse for this kind of thing. Yet even today xenophobic prejudice lingers on, serving some kind of collective need. So far as Sweden is concerned, there is probably a further motivation. In expanded form the question about the suicide rate is really asking: *Why have you Swedes, with what appears to be a highly satisfactory balance between affluence and public welfare, with a society both liberal and remarkably stable, and one which has not been torn and disrupted by wars, not yet found a way of making everybody believe that life is worthwhile?* And there is a corollary, not only tacit, but generally unconscious: *And we rather hope that you won't!* Envy of what seems Sweden's good luck, as well as of her skill and political sagacity, is even widespread among her Scandinavian neighbors, who feel that they suffered too much in the war because Sweden suffered too little.

So Sweden collects envy from a number of directions—from those who resent her success in welfare, and from those who don't like her competition in economic warfare. Still, none of this quite explains why uninformed detraction, implicit or overt, should be concentrated on suicide rather than on other symptoms of possible social malaise. From the time of Emile Durkheim's classical study of suicide statistics, the surveys have agreed that neither poverty nor wealth in the absolute or static sense has much to do with the incidence of suicide. Nevertheless, underlying the popular question about Sweden's suicide rate, there is clearly a general assumption that material goods ought to provide the preliminary and necessary condition for spiritual goods. Perhaps this comes from the belief in Original Virtue: we would be good if we could; morally, we have nothing to lose but our chains. It is less easy nowadays than in former times to understand this assumption. But if I may judge by the socialists, the social workers, and the psychiatric social workers I talked to in Stockholm, the assumption is often shared by the Swedes themselves. Their typical attitude can be expressed as: "*When we have solved our economic, political, and social problems, then we will proceed to*

deal with and solve our moral and aesthetic ones" (which is only a way of saying: "When we have built the good society, we shall know what we live for, or what is good").

OF COURSE, not all Swedes are so naïve in their faith in social and psychological engineering. There are many who are capable of asking the social-critical questions, even in a dark or mordant tone. Lars Gustafsson—novelist, poet, and editor of a well-known Swedish literary magazine—has written a small book, recently published by the Swedish Institute in Stockholm, whose very title (*The Public Dialogue in Sweden: Current Issues of Social, Esthetic and Moral Debate*) suggests that internal criticism of the values of the Swedish social experiment is lively. And one of the issues discussed is the slackening of moral drive and earnestness in a movement of workers and socialists which has largely achieved its material aims. It may be that an inevitable human paradox is involved here. But it could also be that, psychologically, the moral aims of the movement were never totally realistic. For the assumption of Original Virtue includes a further assumption—of something like moral feedback in the human species, as if, given the chance, the competitive spirit could not help adjusting itself to genuine human need.

In spite of airing some of the black questions, Mr. Gustafsson concludes on an optimistic note—"We are on our way to a society we have never experienced before"—and he implies that Sweden not only must, but can, find the appropriate norms of human conduct. But contemporary Swedish literature, in its prevailing tone, has hardly supported this hope. The moral ends of Swedish socialism may not originally have been doubted by many serious and sensitive writers, but the means by which it has been achieved have been seen to demand their price—necessary, no doubt, but heavy. In Sweden, as elsewhere, rapid industrialization has meant sudden urbanization, and for some the switch from the patriarchal and Bible-centered family life which was characteristic of the Swedish peasantry, has been too sudden.

Pär Lagerkvist, the novelist, and Stig Dagerman, poet and novelist, illustrate the psychological conflict at least potential in this change. To both writers it was the grandparents who were the focus of emotional life and who represented the "natural" sense and feeling for living and dying. The death of Lagerkvist's grandmother affected him deeply and, according to his own account, brought about an obsessive fear of death. As for Stig Dagerman, he committed suicide at the age of thirty-one—and at the peak point of success both in work and love. It is a reasonable guess that the inner uncertainty which is reflected both in the suicide and in the intense preoccupation with mortality, may have arisen in relation to the problems of the mother's genera-

tion. The emancipation of women began earlier and proceeded faster and further in Sweden than in most other countries. Mr. Gustafsson has a chapter on this development, which of course went side by side with the general movement of social liberation, and he suggests that some of Sweden's social and moral problems arise from the Swedish woman's reluctance to set any limits to her freedom—her reluctance, indeed, to accept the nurtural and domestic side of motherhood.

Another distinguished literary suicide, Karin Boye, Swedish novelist and poet, is often compared to the English novelist Virginia Woolf, whom she did not much resemble except through the one circumstance that they both committed suicide. Virginia Woolf killed herself in 1940, just before the Battle of Britain, and is generally believed to have done so because she could not stand the evil of the war that was about to break out in its full horror. The latest entries in her diary hardly bear this out; and though a similar explanation is given of Karin Boye's suicide in 1941, there is no very convincing evidence that her case was one of a self-punishing scapegoat either.

It is difficult to refrain from romanticizing literary suicides. In particular, human vanity likes to flatter itself by believing that it is the *human* fate as such which is finally too much for these exceptionally sensitive beings, our heroes and scapegoats. But perhaps only a very tightly organized society like Japan can produce the purely "altruistic," totally objective, suicide of which hara-kiri is the great example. In the West, suicide is a very circumscribed means of expressing a bewilderingly vast range of ends. And in comparison with the other forms of negative social criticism, suicide—ranging between fifteen and twenty-two per hundred thousand of population—is exceedingly rare.

THAT SUICIDE is an act with multiple meanings is denied by hardly anyone from either of the two main lines along which research into the problem is conducted—the motivational and the statistical. Not surprisingly, the statistical is favored by general sociologists, or by those whose psychological approach is behavioristic. Most of these studies agree that the absolute economic factor is not at all decisive, though the rich tend to kill themselves rather more than the settled poor. On the other hand, they agree that *peripeteia*, the sudden change to bad fortune, may precipitate suicide. This comes out strongly in Peter Sainsbury's *Suicide in London* (a monograph published by the Maudsley Institute of Psychiatry in London, which is under the H. J. Eysenck regime and is therefore by no means opposed to behaviorism and to the anti-subjectivist slant in psychology). The book is a meticulous statistical survey of London, district by district (with cer-

tain comparisons with Chicago). Sainsbury regards social cohesion as the best prophylactic against suicide, and social mobility and instability—restlessness—as the prime cause. The rate rises in the restless (and wealthier) West End, and around the big railway stations (centers of migration), and one of the highest correlations is found in the districts where lodging houses and the single-room domicile abound.

Sainsbury makes much of this, using "social isolation" as his explanatory hypothesis. In a recent essay in an English quarterly, his diagnosis is supported by E. Stengel, Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Sheffield, who has for many years been studying suicide figures. Sheffield itself, according to a statement made elsewhere by Professor Stengel, has a very low rate because of stability of employment and a good deal of club and guild life. Since "social isolation" is one of the most important factors, "Prophylaxis," says Stengel, "ought to begin at birth. . . . If a child has the misfortune of losing a parent, every effort should be made to provide an adequate substitute. . . . Integration of the individual with a group has been regarded as the most important part of prophylaxis ever since sociologists have concerned themselves with the suicide problem."

There is a lameness about this conclusion which might cast some doubt on the whole sociological and statistical approach to suicide, of which you can say almost *a priori* that it at least symbolizes what some person thinks about himself and his potentialities in relation with other people. For whatever else suicide may or may not be, it is unequivocally an attack on, or a rejection of, the *self*. No one who retains confidence in his own interest and value is likely to put his head in the gas oven. But interest and value to whom? Doesn't this suggest that after all some sort of social integration is the only solution?

Professor Stengel, at any rate, believes that society ought to reform itself and achieve a "new orientation to the problem of human relations"—but this turns out to mean that the "notion of the independence of the individual as a self-contained unit will have to give way to the concept of social interdependence which would make social isolation unlikely." Thus at the back of his analysis, one finds the same suggestion of social "norms" of psychological behavior, of emotion and outlook, that one meets in Sweden,* and even more in Russia.

Sometimes in their statistical descriptions of the suicide, and even in the social measures they recommend as a preventive, it looks as if the sociologists may be putting the cart before the horse. Certainly this is true of Sainsbury's survey. No doubt he is precluded by his rigidly quantitative approach even from forming an opinion about which is the cart and which the horse—the tendency of potential suicides to live in slum

lodging houses or of lodging houses to drive people to suicide. May it not be the feature—a rather contingent one—that suicide is sharp and final, which allows us to assume that counting and correlating is going to be profoundly illuminating? Otherwise we might begin to see that social structures can easily be built on various forms of *slow* suicide—all those conventions and pressures which from birth onward prevent the maturation of human individuals into genuine freedom and responsibility for themselves.

It is commonly said from both sides—the motivational and the statistical—that the psychologist and the sociologist must be regarded as complementary, and must work hand in hand. But about suicide there is a simple and, one would say, an obvious point which is often overlooked or given too little weight—the great difference that lies between those who actually carry it off and those who fail. It is striking that Professor Stengel does not draw attention to the important implication that the *failed* suicide gives us our only chance to find out what *he* thought he was doing and what he regarded as a sufficient motive for doing it. Compared with the efforts of those who take this unrivaled opportunity, other and statistical activities look like just "viewing the body."

DR. HERBERT HENDIN in his recently published *Suicide and Scandinavia*† also feels that the two approaches, the motivational and the statistical, can and ought to be combined. To my mind he has already indicated a way in which this can be done most meaningfully. It is, as one might suspect, a question of knowing where to look. Primarily this implies a faculty of insight: on the other hand, perhaps also a realization that figures are never totally random, never a mere inductive heap, but are related to a theme in the inquirer's mind and so are partially pre-selected. After all, scientists do work from hunches and glimpses of patterns, and figures in a psychological context are in need of very patient interpretation. Suicide in particular is a very abrupt statement which is so laconic as to be cryptic.

Dr. Hendin started off from three reasonable assumptions: (1) that the Scandinavian suicide "question" probably means *something*; (2) that the three Nordic Scandinavian countries have cultures which are sufficiently alike, but also divergent enough, to make an interesting comparison (they are each unusually homogeneous in

* I do not know what hopes of influencing the suicide rate my Swedish social-welfare acquaintances now hold, but they were not totally unconfident about affecting other "abnormalities" by direct social pressure—giving homosexual boys who haunted one of the central parks in Stockholm a night's lodging, haircuts, showers, jobs. It seemed to me—and still does—that the concept of the "norm" should be applied very sparingly in any direction where emotional and subjective attitudes obviously count; otherwise you can help to start a stampede in the direction of the conventional.

† Grune & Stratton, 176 pp., \$4.75.

population, with varying degrees of isolation from the European mainstream, liberal, and "welfare," and at least moving toward affluence); (3) that the suicide question should not be asked only of those members of the given society who have never tried, but also of those who have tried and failed.

With a very large number of interviews with suicidal patients behind him—undertaken at Bellevue Hospital in New York City—he made an intensive study of twenty-five suicidal patients in each of the three countries, with controls among non-patients and much collateral investigation into their backgrounds and relations. A great conscientiousness is shown by his mastering of two of the tongues, Norwegian and Swedish: for ordinary purposes you can get by with English and any one of the Scandinavian languages will allow you to chat in all three countries. However, Dr. Hendin saw that if you are going to ask the question with most pertinent force, it is essential that the patient should be allowed to answer in his very own words. (Incidentally, he discovered at least two expressions, one Norwegian and the other Swedish, which are of an almost poetic pregnancy and power of social illumination. The Norwegian one is "*forurettet*"—which means to be angrily self-justified—and the Swedish one is "*tiga ijh  l*," which is translated as "to kill someone by silence"—roughly, I suppose, "the silent treatment." This has a very strong family and marital context.)

The striking differential fact which Dr. Hendin produces and tries to account for is that while the Swedish and Danish suicide rates are comparatively high, the Norwegian rate is exceptionally low. Since the Norwegians are also highly developed in the direction of social welfare, although admittedly they still have some poor people, this seems to dispose of the vulgar error (a bad case of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* to balance the psycho-sociologist's fallacy of cart-before-horse) that social-welfare measures as such have a direct bearing on suicide.

With the help of some psychoanalytic techniques—which included an effort to recover dreams the patient may have had at about the time of his attempt—Dr. Hendin tried to trace differences of temperament among the three nations to early differences in nurture. And, indeed, to anyone who has lived in Scandinavia for any length of time, the national differences of temperament and attitude do seem real and marked. Swedish reserve and formality are not merely a myth, and are in marked contrast to the comparative warmth of Norwegians and Danes. This may be a mere matter of time-lag. In Japan, I was harangued by a long-domiciled expert about the appalling family pressures in Japan, the near-impossibility of moving hand or foot without a family conclave and the consent of elders. Struck by a faint flavor of familiarity, I worked it out

that this was just like English life fifty years ago, when Uncle George or Aunt May shook their wills at you. Similarly in Sweden, the reserve, even "the silent treatment," make me think of the effect of the English public-school system on the personal relations of the public-school class—especially in contrast with the spontaneity and warmth of the average American one meets this side of the Atlantic.

NONE OF THIS, however, invalidates Dr. Hendin's cultural and nurtural discoveries. The English public-school students are separated from their mothers at an uncomfortably early age and cover up forever after with a stiff upper lip which gets in the way with their own generation of females. And mutual defensiveness tends to be preferred to open rows. So, too, with the Swedes: Dr. Hendin's investigations support Mr. Gustafsson's view that Swedish women like to sever the dependent relation as soon as possible and get back to work and their own freedom. The Swede, particularly the male, finds emotional compensation in ambition and a competitive career which is socially approved. When this fails he may decide to end it all. Danes, on the other hand, are brought up to be over-attached to their mothers and much more commonly kill themselves in despair and self-punishment for having failed with or lost a love object.

With the Norwegians, Dr. Hendin is himself aware of greater inherent difficulties. Norwegians too are brought up to be independent, but they are also given much greater freedom in expressing hostile tendencies than the Swedes, who are expected to be "good." "*Forurettet*," after all, means righteously indignant, and implies considerable social tolerance, indeed approval, of sticking up for oneself and actually nursing vengeance. Dr. Hendin notes that Norwegians typically feel vengeful toward the Germans (though surely that is not unusual in formerly occupied countries²); he also draws attention to Norwegian fondness for litigation. Turning anger outward may very well be a useful prophylactic against suicide; anyway, common observation tends to support this idea.

Nevertheless, we may agree with Dr. Hendin's own statement that there is "something paradoxical about examining Norwegian suicidal patients for the purpose of finding out why there are not more suicides in Norway." This was why he somewhat extended his survey in Norway and also presented all the cases in more detail than usual, so that the reader should be helped to draw his own conclusions. As a result, the theoretical outline is less clear than in the other two cases, and I am not sure that an average reader would be in a position to substitute any conclusions of his own.

Dr. Hendin is not, however, inclined to exaggerate his own theoretical or practical claims,

and we may not only heartily agree with him when he says, "Our present knowledge is insufficient for engaging in psycho-social engineering with much confidence," but might even pray that some schools had *less* confidence. "The individual," writes Dr. Hendin, "is the ultimate measure of the impact of social pressures. Ignoring him makes the sociological study of social pressures something of guess work."

Quite willing to adopt any approach which might throw light on the patient's attitude to himself, to life, and to death, Dr. Hendin is also willing to rely on imaginative insights and can see in them the kind of practiced observation and description which the social scientists ought to respect. It is the Brands, the "all or nothing" characters in Ibsen, who commit suicide (more

like the Swedes), while Peer Gynt, much more characteristically Norwegian, is a fantast and a failure but would never judge himself on the grounds of his unrealism harshly enough to commit suicide. What is excellent about Dr. Hendin's study is that it is potentially so much more useful for living than dying: in quiet and intimate detail he reveals so many of the endless possibilities for stupidity in personal relations. And in this, the would-be suicide is very much like the rest of us.

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IDEOLOGY—A DEBATE

DANIEL BELL

HENRY DAVID AIKEN

The following exchange was occasioned by HENRY DAVID AIKEN's article, "The Revolt Against Ideology," which appeared in the April COMMENTARY. DANIEL BELL is professor of sociology at Columbia and the author of The End of Ideology. Mr. Aiken is professor of philosophy at Harvard; his books include The Age of Ideology and Reason and Conduct.

Daniel Bell: Define your terms, the philosophers enjoin us. One of the difficulties with Henry David Aiken's essay, "The Revolt Against Ideology," is the multiplicity of senses in which he uses the word "ideology," as well as the ambiguity of his prescriptions. He begins by citing with approval the Marxian conception that ideologies are "inverted images of reality"—ideas falsely divorced from the material conditions that produce them—and that the function of social analysis is to "demythologize ideology"; and he concludes—no longer mincing words!—by saying that persons like myself, who talk of the "end of ideology," would "render us helpless in the world struggle against the ideology of Communism" and weaken "what remains of our national commitment to the ideological principles that animate our constitutional system."

Now, since I accept a Marxian conception of ideology as the starting point for analysis, and since I call myself a pragmatist (as does Mr. Aiken), I am puzzled by the transitions through which I end up as subversive of my own ideals, if not of my country's. Let me therefore indicate what I mean by the "end of ideology," and later confront Mr. Aiken himself directly.

The Marxian discussion of ideology flows from the concern with

alienation. But the context is as broad as the "human condition" itself. The root of it all is in man's unhappy awareness of a divided consciousness, and his yearning or search for an Absolute. In Christian terms, man is separated from God and searches for re-unification through the figure of Christ. For Hegel, religious alienation is but one aspect of a cosmic drama in which everything is rent by duality—spirit and matter, nature and history, God and man—and the "realization," or the "end of philosophy," will occur when all dualities are overcome, when man no longer is both subject and object, or lives between society and State.

Marx's great vision provided a naturalistic foundation for the Hegelian drama. The source of man's duality, he said, lay not in thought but in the division of labor and in the social classes. The "realization" of philosophy, in other words, lay in economics, and the agency of human fulfillment was not the Idea but the Proletariat. The unity of "thought and being," the union of appearance and reality, and the end of all ideology (a phrase, as Lewis Feuer reminds us, that was first used by Engels in his essay on Feuerbach) would come, said Marx, when man finally conquered material necessity and began living in a purposeful, self-directed community.

Marxism itself, however, became an ideology with the assumption, to be found in Marx's later work as well as in the vulgarization of his thought by Engels, that there was a single key to the "realization" of philosophy—the abolition of private property. Abolish private property, and all exploitation would disappear. As Communist apologists later put it, there could be no classes and exploitation in the Soviet Union because there was no private property in Soviet society.

It is necessary to emphasize some distinctions in order to focus the questions that divide us. Originally, "ideology" simply meant sense impressions; in opposition to the rationalists, the ideologues sought to "purify" ideas by accepting only those which come through the senses. For Marx, "ideology" referred to beliefs which masked private interests; thus, such doctrines as natural rights, with their claim to a universal transcendental validity, were really constructed to justify the needs of the bourgeoisie. Among the specific examples of ideology that Marx gives (in the essays on *The Jewish Question*) are the guarantees of property rights and civil rights in the various state constitutions of the United States. In the 20th century, "ideology" acquired a broader and more impassioned meaning. As the political struggles of the age took

on the intensity of the earlier religious wars, the word came to denote in politics what the terms "creed" or "faith" had meant in religion.

During its crusading Bolshevik phase, Marxism became a *total* ideology. As I used the term: "A *total* ideology is an all-inclusive system of comprehensive reality, it is a set of beliefs, infused with passion, and seeks to transform the whole of a way of life. This commitment to ideology—the yearning for a 'cause' or the satisfaction of deep moral feelings—is *not* necessarily the reflection of interests in the shape of ideas. Ideology . . . in the sense used here is a secular religion."

THOSE OF US who speak of the "end of ideology" mainly mean to reject this mode of commitment, which had such a disastrous effect on the thought and politics of the radical and utopian movements of the past two generations. As developed by such writers as Raymond Aron, Edward Shils, C. A. R. Crosland, and S. M. Lipset, the theme of the "end of ideology" has become a call for an end to apocalyptic beliefs that refuse to specify the costs and consequences of the changes they envision. The "end-of-ideology" school (if a school it is) is skeptical of rationalistic schemes that assume they can blueprint the entire life of a society; it argues that the existing political tags "conservative" and "liberal" have lost their intellectual clarity; it is critical of existing institutions, but it does not accept the assumption that social change is *necessarily* an improvement. In short, it is pragmatic in the triple sense in which Dewey used the term: it defines the consequence of an action as a constitutive element of the truth of a proposition; it assumes the inextricable relation of ends and means; and it believes that values, like any empirical proposition, can be tested on the basis of their claims.

Now the curious thing is that none of this history—either of the term "ideology" or of the background of radicalism—is reflected

in Mr. Aiken's discussion of ideology. He does not say whether these judgments on the past were wrong or right. He treats the word "ideology" only as a formal problem for analysis. The reason, perhaps, is that he is out to make a case—a lawyer's case, not a philosopher's case—and he goes at it in the best lawyer's manner.

The central point in his discussion of my own contribution to the theme is his analysis of the word "rhetoric." I wrote: "If the 'end of ideology' has any meaning, it is to ask for the end of rhetoric, and rhetoricians, of 'revolution,' of the day when the young French anarchist Vaillant tossed a bomb into the Chamber of Deputies and the literary critic Laurent Tailhade declared in his defense: 'What do a few human lives matter; it was a *beau geste*!'"

After quoting this passage, Mr. Aiken comments: "If by 'rhetoric' Bell means the use of language in order to persuade or influence others—and many things suggest that this is his meaning—then his vision of the end of ideology as an end to rhetoric is a utopian fantasy. Worse, it is an evil fantasy, for it implies a conception of human relations which would deprive us of the right to address one another except for the purposes of comparing notes about matters of fact."

I submit that the two paragraphs have nothing to do with each other. I was calling attention to the *distortion* of the discourse of persuasion—after all, what is a bomb?—rather than its classical use. The "end of rhetoric," in the context I gave it, plainly means an end to a way of thinking and acting which substitutes the worship of the Word—the verbal fetish of Revolution—for a moral analysis of consequences. If the fetishism of commodities is the "secret" of capitalism, is not the fetishism of rhetoric—the reliance on political slogans—the "secret" of radicalism?*

Next: I wrote that American life has suffered from an excess of "moralism." My examples were the small-town fundamentalist re-

strictions on personal conduct; McCarthyism—an extension of such moralizing in politics; and the formulation of foreign policy from one administration to the next in moralistic terms. (And, one can now say, the political rhetoric of Barry Goldwater.)

Writes Mr. Aiken: "In asking for an end to rhetoric, what Bell appears to be calling for is, among other things, an end to *moral* discourse and a beginning of consistent 'pragmatic discourse' in every sphere of political life. What does this mean? So far as I can make out, it means *an end to judgment and to principle* [my italics], to praise and to blame, in the political domain and a beginning of plain, unvarnished 'politicking' in the name of our 'realistic' national, social, or individual 'interests.'"

Again I call foul, this time at the shift from *moralistic* to *moral*. Moralizing, or being moralistic, is a distortion of the moral mode. It is the "ideological" use of morality for the sake of a hidden purpose.

As it happens, I do believe in "pragmatic discourse"; but is pragmatic discourse without principle? Isn't Locke's *Letter on Toleration* a form of pragmatic discourse? Isn't Kant's distinction between public and private—one the realm of agreed-upon procedure, the other the realm of conscience—a pragmatic one in its context? Pragmatic discourse in politics emphasizes the search for a reasoned consensus, rather than treating political issues as a war-to-the-death. It involves an "ethic of responsibility," but as Richard McKeon has pointed out, "responsibility is determined by the reciprocities in the actions of men." Where there is no reciprocity, conflict may—and at times should—develop. Between a racist and myself there is no reciprocity; between a Nazi and myself there is no reciprocity; between a Com-

* Even sillier is Mr. Aiken's next comment: "There remains a second sense of the term 'rhetoric' which Bell *may also have in mind*. [Italics mine.] In this sense, rhetoric means eloquence. So conceived, the demand for an end to rhetoric is tantamount to a request for plain talk, and, so to say, for the age of prose." Now really!

munist and myself there is no reciprocity. But where there is, or can be, an acceptance of the rules of the game—of the process of open discourse and reciprocity—there *should be* social compromise. Is this not judgment—and principle?

WHAT IS THE lawyer's case that Mr. Aiken is seeking to make? On the one hand, it is a cumbersome theoretical formulation; on the other, a simplified political point.

Mr. Aiken writes: "Now political ideology is nothing but political discourse . . . on its most general formative level. It is, that is to say, political discourse insofar as the latter addresses itself, not just to specific, piecemeal reforms, but to the guiding principles, practices, and aspirations by which politically organized societies, absolutely or else in certain typical situations, ought to be governed. . . . Here words must not only predict what will be but determine what shall be; they must not only inform but also prepare and initiate lines of action. And what is it that is being determined, prepared, and initiated? This, so I contend, can be fully revealed only through the 'poetry' which the ideologist may afford us."

Here Mr. Aiken completely muddies the waters. For he has simply taken an old-fashioned definition of *political philosophy* and arbitrarily called it—despite the tortuous history of the word—*political ideology*. In fact a number of writers today—usually conservative ones who ask for a return to first principles—have decried the absence of political philosophy in the schools, charging modern political theory with "scientism." By calling for political ideology, Mr. Aiken has given us a stylish way of posing the problem. But otherwise the only gain is in confusion.

His political barb is more pointed: "I do not mean to attack our latter-day anti-ideologists by innuendo. I do mean to say that the plain effect of *their* rhetoric is to reinforce acceptance of our institutional status quo and to declass those 'intellectuals' who seek to

modify in any radical way the fundamental structures of 'Western' political life."

If you set up a straw man, it will burn brightly when you put a match to it. As in so much of Mr. Aiken's essay, there is a fine resonance but an astonishing lack of specificity in these statements. I don't know what Mr. Aiken regards as the "fundamental structures of 'Western' political life." To my mind, the fundamental structure is the democratic process, and this I do not want to change. To speak further for myself, since the question of political identification is at issue, I am a democratic socialist, and have been for almost all of my politically conscious years. As such, I wish to see a change in the fundamental structures of our economic life. I deplore the social and economic power of the corporation. I detest the cult of efficiency which sacrifices the worker to the norms of productivity. I favor national planning in the economy. I want to see more public enterprise. And I want to introduce other criteria than those of the market or the private profit motive as means of allocating resources in the society. I have guiding general principles, rooted in conceptions about the nature of work and community, which shape these views. But I also have a test which guides the introduction of these changes; and I think the differences between Mr. Aiken and me on this question are the nub of the issue.

I wrote: "There is now more than ever some need for utopia, in the sense that men need—as they have always needed—some vision of their potential, some manner of fusing passion with intelligence. . . . The ladder to the City of Heaven can no longer be a 'faith ladder,' but an empirical one; a utopia has to specify *where* one wants to go, *how* to get there, the costs of the enterprise, and some realization of, and justification for, the determination of *who* is to pay."

To this, Mr. Aiken retorts: "Were one seriously to try, in detail and at the outset, to meet all his requirements for a 'good' utopia, the

magnitude and complexity of the task would paralyze thought."

I FIND it hard to understand these remarks. The context of my discussion was quite clear. I pointed out that Lenin instigated the Russian Revolution with no idea at all of the meaning of planning or socialization (other than the simple-minded notion, expressed in *State and Revolution*, that the entire economy would be run like a single enterprise), and that the lives of millions of people were thus committed on the basis of an abstract promise. Or, to take another example: when Stalin decided in 1929 on the ruthless collectivization of agriculture in line with the ideological premise that individual peasant property should be eliminated, was not the question of costs and consequences relevant? Or again, to bring the issue closer to home: if an urban renewal program bulldozes a neighborhood in response to the liberals' ideological image of "slum clearance," should one not apply tests of the consequence of this action for community life?

Does Mr. Aiken want to build a bridge to the future without any tests of costs and consequences? His fear is that such a demand would inhibit all change. But why? Is it really so difficult? Have we no resources at all in sociological and economic knowledge to assess the social costs of change? Surely we know enough by now about the effects of social change—the devastation in the depressed areas, the school dropouts, the manifold impact of automation—to understand what our *failure* to plan has cost.

But all this is bootless, for I am asking Mr. Aiken to be concrete, and he is relentlessly abstract. Yet if the debate is to have any meaning, if Mr. Aiken wants to be radical, let him state in detail what he wants to be radical about. Then we can argue whether it is desirable or not, and what criteria we should use. But is it not the mark of the ideologue that he is usually so general and vague?

From past experience as well as

from this exchange, I feel that what is really involved here is not a conflict of intellectual positions but a conflict of contrasting temperaments. Once upon a time there was a primary and meaningful tension between the orthodox and the antinomians. The orthodox, whether priests, clerks, or scholars, believed in a ritual or a tradition, a set of "right" beliefs, which were enforced in varying degrees on the society. The antinomians—gnostics, vagabonds, bohemians, rebels—resisted institutional authority, were defiant of tradition, law, and system, and sought to guide their lives by esoteric standards of conduct.

Such divisions used to be clear. But the history of the past several hundred years has seen the absorption, or containment, of heresy. Religious antinomianism and "enthusiastic" movements became orthodoxies after the Reformation. The aesthetic rebellion that emerged after 1885 was largely drained into politics in the 1920's and 1930's, as seen most markedly in the movement of the Dadaist leaders—Aragon, Tzara, and Eluard—into the Communist party. And the most subterranean of traditions, which runs from de Sade through Lautréamont to Genet and Burroughs, is today publicly acclaimed by the chic avant-garde and its camp-followers.

The point of all this is that the currently fashionable talk about Establishments and anti-Establishments, of cultural radicalism and the official academy, is substantially meaningless. What is one to make of the state of cultural criticism when Harold Rosenberg attacks F. R. Leavis as a cultural fascist in the columns of the *New Yorker* and Richard Poirier defends Leavis in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*? In *Playboy* sexual radicalism is "philosophically" intertwined with economic free enterprise; in the *Herald Tribune*, Leslie Fiedler explains the avant-garde to the stockbrokers. The notion that Mr. Aiken is a critic of society and that I am not, that Norman Podhoretz is a radical and Lionel Trilling a

"revisionist liberal," makes no sense. Today our entire society is committed to change, and in a direction which was first pointed out by the Left. In the realm of "culture" the ramparts have been manned, and each is at the station perhaps appropriate to his distinction: Harold Rosenberg is at the *New Yorker*, Norman Mailer and Dwight Macdonald at *Esquire*, Alfred Chester at *Book Week*, Seymour Krim at *Nugget*, Nicholas Calas at the *Village Voice*; and Paul Goodman is almost in the academy. Everyone is happily playing the heretic in the fields of official clover and busily exposing the nakedness of everyone else.

The shock of change, though, is real enough: the realization that escapes no one is that the egalitarian and socially mobile society which the "free-floating intellectuals" associated with the Marxist tradition have been calling for during the last hundred years has finally emerged in the form of our cumbersome, bureaucratic mass society, and has in turn engulfed the heretics. With this realization begins the process of disengagement. But it is not generally a process of responsible social thought and self-scrutiny, not an attempt to find out what kind of institutional structures in a large-scale society will best accommodate the older visions of community and individual freedom and self-determination. One simply labels oneself a radical, calls for (but rarely produces) utopian thought, and argues that the great need is to be "critical." Such disengagement is, quite simply, an escape from intellectual responsibility. Mr. Aiken's essay, with its abstract talk of moral discourse, provides a lovely cover for such an escape.

BUT IF THE old division of political temperaments into orthodox and antinomian has apparently broken down, there is still perhaps some usefulness in a three-part classification: the ideologues, the moralists, and the skeptics.

Ideologies, as organized systems of belief with ready formulas for the manipulation of the masses,

are, in effect, new orthodoxies. The yearning for an ideology, the hunger for a cause, the craving for belief often mask the conformist's desire for power or the rebel's unconscious need to submit to authority. Such a reductive analysis, of course, risks the traducing of individuals who may be genuinely motivated to serve mankind selflessly or to search for new means of implementing their ideals. However, the judgment itself is not of persons but of the nature of ideologies, and of the way in which the "functional necessities" of organizing and implementing ideologies traduce all idealism.

To go back to Marx's original sense of the term, an ideology is an illusion, a false consciousness. Or, as Philip Rieff has recently remarked, "only an illusory history, or an illusory religion, or an illusory politics, could lead humans to the therapy of commitment." The yearning for a cause, for some transcendent purpose, is, of course, one of the deepest impulses of the sentient human being. The danger, always, is that this impulse will be manipulated in ways that betray its idealism. Such seductions are rarely overt or crude. It is usually the apocalyptic element, the call for a last act of violence in order to end violence, of a final deed of murder to eliminate murder, which is the agency of the ideologue's betrayal. In the dialectic of betrayal, means become ends and justifications of themselves.

Then there are those often lonely protestants who have stood outside the corridors of ideology or the pathways of power, and have spoken as moralists. In the tradition of prophecy, the moralists, on the basis of conscience, call injustice to account. In his tone and in his wrath, Mr. Aiken strikes me as a quondam moralist—which makes me all the more puzzled by his present effort to patch shreds of ideology into an intellectual argument. He does so, as I have pointed out, only by tearing the word "ideology" from its historical and sociological context, and by arbitrarily identifying it with

political philosophy and moral discourse.

But why not speak directly in the language of morals and ethics? I can account for this failure only by the fact that the religious tradition—which has been the foundation of prophecy—has itself been undermined, and that the moralist has consequently lost much of his basis of judgment. Jeremiah and Deutero-Isaiah could call for a return to tradition, a departure from the merely ritualistic observance of the law; but what can Mr. Aiken ask us to return to? The modern moralist can become either an existentialist or an ideologue, and the option now seems to be running in the latter direction.

Most skeptics, I suppose, are lapsed ideologues. This, in turn, may explain why the theme of the "end of ideology" has so often had a negative side. It began as a recoil from the easy optimism of "illusory politics" and found its texts in such documents of disillusionment as John Milton's *Ready and Easy Way* and Alexander Herzen's *Letters from the Other Shore*. Skepticism does have its dangers—it can lead to cynicism, quietism, or despair.

Where the theme of the "end of ideology" is currently most relevant is in Eastern Europe, among the intellectuals who have experienced at first hand the deadening effects of an official ideology, and among the young generation for whom ideology is simply flatulent rhetoric. (It is curious that Mr. Aiken seems to assume that ideology is always nascent and passionate, and neglects its more pervasive role as a coercive, official force.) In a recent issue of *Survey*, a Czech writer describes the calloused attitude to politics of those who have grown up in an ideological regime: "A strange, frightening breed, this new generation, these men and women born during the last war or even later, who never knew any other social order and who are the products of our society. Purposeful, tough, smart, resourceful in handling their own affairs, down-to-earth, uncommunicative outside their own group, full of ob-

vious pity for their fathers and their ridiculous manoeuvres, full of energy to get the best out of life now and for themselves.

"To them, ideology and politics and, indeed, any form of public activity are a lot of bunk, just hollow words with little relation to reality. Not that they are anti-Communists, a meaningless term in their ears: they just could not care less. They were born into socialism and they live in socialism and what they see around is socialism. Pretty dull and shabby, and certainly nothing much to write home about. . . .

"If there is still to come the final ignominy of a burial of Marxism-Leninism as we understand it today, it will be effortlessly carried out by these generations already born into socialism. And so it should be! For I believe that these young people, these young socialists will at last realize, because of what we did, that there is no socialism without freedom and that life is far more important than ideology."

THE INTENTION, then, of the "revolt against ideology" is not to make one insensitive to injustice or to the need for a transcendent moral vision. It is, rather, to make one wary of the easy solution and to deny that any embodiment of community is final. I once wrote that one of the tragedies of Marxism was that Marx, having provided a naturalistic explanation of the meaning of alienation, then narrowed the concept by locating its source entirely in the rule of private property. As we know now, to our sorrow, there are other, more debasing forms of degradation and dehumanization—the systems of totalitarianism—than economic exploitation.

However, the thinking connected with the "end of ideology" is not directed against Marxism or any other radical creed; nor does it involve a quarrel with utopianism and its visions. What it does is give us a perspective on modern history which emphasizes that the achievement of freedom and the defense of the individual constitute

a permanent revolution; and it tells us that this revolution resists any final definition. It is for the sake of individual freedom that the claims of doubt must always take precedence over the claims of faith, and that the commitment to action must proceed from the ethic of responsibility.

* * *

Henry David Aiken: On the whole Mr. Bell's reply confirms my earlier impression of the essential intellectual and spiritual confusion of the anti-ideology movement, the poverty of its ideas, and its total lack of a coherent, substantive social and political philosophy that goes a step beyond reaffirmation of shibboleths about which both of our major political parties (at least until Goldwater's ascendancy) have been in all-too-complete agreement for a generation.

There is, to be sure, one small part that doesn't quite jibe with this impression, but it is so curiously, almost touchingly, inconsistent with the remainder that I can only wonder about the degree of Mr. Bell's self-awareness in mentioning it. Specifically, he says that he has been a "democratic socialist for almost all of [his] . . . politically conscious years." Can he be serious? In other writings, including *The End of Ideology*, he has opted emphatically and without qualification for "the mixed economy"—which, of course, no socialist could accept save as a temporary stop-gap.

Socialism, I take it, is above all the position that at least the control and operation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange should be in the hands of society as a whole rather than of private individuals, groups, or corporations. Actively to take steps to bring about socialism in the United States would at once involve Mr. Bell (or anyone else) in a very sharp and deep disensus, both politically and ideologically, with the great majority of the American people, including virtually the whole industrial-business-govern-

mental-scholarly establishment. In this country the existing democracy, or republic, is for practical purposes incompatible with socialism. And just for that reason, as S. M. Lipset, Mr. Bell's ally, has pointed out, socialism is here politically and ideologically a dead issue. Mr. Bell knows this. He must realize therefore that being a socialist in America is, for most men, rather like being a Christian: it is entirely safe to be one because socialism, for all but a revolutionary few, is outside the bounds of political possibility. In short, Mr. Bell's "socialism," the wishful and wistful sincerity of which we need not question, is, in Marx's sense, entirely utopian, and hence practically and functionally meaningless. Mr. Bell often has written perceptively and relevantly about sources of alienation among American workers. But what has he to offer, as a *socialist*, toward its drastic alleviation? I submit: nothing, or next to nothing. Here is precisely the sort of ideological schizophrenia which, in part, my essay was designed to expose.

BUT LET ME at once remove a possible source of misconception. Mr. Bell has spoken for himself; as for me, I am not a Marxist, vestigial, revisionist, or otherwise. My fundamental intellectual and moral antecedents are British, American, and Jewish. And although I mean always to speak of Marx and Engels with respect, I find it hard to understand how Mr. Bell could have gained the impression that my "citing" [*sic*] of the Marxist conception of ideology as "inverted images of reality" was meant to be approving.

However this may be, let me say for the record that I consider the Marxist (and hence Belleau) theory of ideology itself as at once vague, confused, programmatic, and useful nowadays only for purposes of popular polemicizing. On this score, Lenin's theory of ideology is surprisingly better, since it freely acknowledges Marxism to be an ideology, and since it perceives that, in general, ideology can be properly conceived, not in aprio-

ristic, metaphysically pejorative terms, but functionally and dynamically as a form of thought which, for better or for worse, is meant to focus, guide, and energize the minds (and bodies) of men in society. As Lenin saw, it is the role, not the content, which determines whether a theory or doctrine is working ideologically. Thus, in the context of social action, scientific theories, philosophical doctrines, religious creeds, and even sociological statistics, may all serve an ideological role, just as well, or better, than ideas that are, or are supposed to be, "inverted images of reality." And let me add, finally, lest again I be misunderstood, that I am not remotely a Leninist either—although, in justice, I am bound to say that, after Marx himself, Lenin remains the most interesting and suggestive among Marxist thinkers. Lenin is, above all, an institutionalist in his approach to the problems and tasks of socialism, which is precisely what Bell is not. Alas, it was my reading of Lenin that, ironically, convinced me that world socialism is probably a utopian dream.

Mr. Bell's own variations on a theme by Marx are, from my point of view, conceptually and historically regressive, polemically misleading, and ultimately (when taken seriously) debilitating so far as the causes of the alienated, the disenfranchised, and the disinherited are concerned. Moreover, they leave our "confrontation," as Mr. Bell calls it, quite unaffected—except insofar as they inadvertently help to show (what I myself earlier pointed out) that the anti-ideologists, and especially Mr. Bell, are in effect merely quasi-Marxian conservatives who have done little or nothing to advance the master's theory of ideology, but on the contrary have merely applied his ideas rather mechanically and obviously to Communism itself in defense of the primary political and social status quo in the "free world." My contention was—and is—that the anti-ideologists leave us at once morally, intellectually, and, if I may say so, metaphysically helpless in "our" confrontation not

only with the Communist world, but also with the great "neutralist" movements that are emerging all over the globe, and especially in the ex-colonial areas where neither socialism nor (political) democracy appears to stand a chance of realization. Now is a time, if there ever was one, for creative and constructive social and political thought. In such a situation what are the anti-ideologists doing, really, but warning us against the dangers of the faith ladder? Well, maybe we just do need a bit of faith in the future of humanity.

Mr. Bell says that pragmatism, at least in Dewey's version, defines "the consequences of an action as a constitutive element of the truth of a proposition." This, I would say, is rather the way Dewey must look under water. I myself think that Dewey's doctrine of the continuum of means and ends is a notable contribution to moral philosophy. But Mr. Bell makes no genuine use of it; he merely *says* he does. Marx, I may add, was implicitly employing this methodological principle in his own attacks upon utopianism, and especially utopian socialism. Mr. Bell and his "socialist" friends do not employ it; quite the contrary, theirs is a merely ideal, sentimental socialism, untouched by the slightest hesitation about what socialist aspirations can mean in a historical context in which no determinate program exists for realizing it. As for the thesis that "values, like any empirical proposition [*sic*], can be tested on the basis of their claims," it is one of the weirdest attempts at redaction of the Dewey-Hook theory regarding the empirical, or even scientific, verifiability of value judgments that I have yet seen.*

Mr. Bell claims that I treat the word "ideology" only as a formal problem for analysis, and that the reason for this is that I am out to

* Anyone interested in why I consider this theory indefensible can find the reason in my essays on Hook and Dewey. COMMENTARY, February and October, 1962. An earlier, more detailed version of the same position may be found in my book, *Reason and Conduct*.

make a lawyer's rather than a philosopher's case. How odd. Well, I did mean to make a case, the best I knew how to make. And it is all the same to me how Mr. Bell chooses to classify it, so long as it is, as he allows, "the best" of its kind. As a means to a moral and ideological end, I was and am interested in the "formal" problem which the word "ideology" presents to the logical analyst, although Mr. Bell at the outset appears to deny this when he complains that I do not "define" ideology. It was not my purpose to define it, but to study and to characterize what other people, including Mr. Bell, seem to think about it. I tried to determine what Mr. Bell might be taken to mean and then to show that, once his rhetoric was stripped to its fighting weight, even his notions of ideology did not commit him, or us, to an across-the-board attack upon ideology as such. Again, I suggested that all ideologies should be judged, not *en bloc*, but in the light of their own respective practices and envisageable consequences. And it was precisely in these terms that I attempted to appraise the merits of Mr. Bell's own anti-ideological ideology. He doesn't reply to my specific contentions—including in particular the charge that the anti-ideological school has fallen into a weary, disillusioned *carpe diem* philosophy which may be suitable for self-centered valetudinarians but is certainly unsuitable for determined, untired, radical liberals who believe that the free world has a real future if it moves boldly and creatively and immediately on its own terrible problems of poverty, inequality, prejudice, and fear. In short, my aim has been to employ the study of a word in use, in order to expose, and if possible transcend, a point of view which in the past I myself have found all too tempting.

EVENTUALLY, Mr. Bell gets around to quoting a passage from my essay in which, after the preparation I thought I needed, I state what in my judgment a political ideology, if not a total ideology, really comes

to. By extrapolation it would be easy to derive from this my views about "total ideology," were these not already available in my little book, *The Age of Ideology*. So the charge that I don't provide a "definition" of political ideology (at the outset?) strikes me as somewhat perverse. As for the point that the "definition" of political ideology which I offer is merely a misleading definition of political philosophy, let me reply that if Mr. Bell can bring himself to take another look at my essay, he will find that I myself actually lead off by asking why so many people declare political philosophy to be dead. I turn later to a consideration of ideology precisely in order to find an answer to that question. And in fact I was led in the first instance into a discussion of the end-of-ideology school through an attempt to discover what, at bottom, people now object to in political philosophy. If my "definition" of political ideology turns out to be nothing but a "stylish" redaction of "the old-fashioned definition of political philosophy," so be it. For then in refurbishing ideology, I shall have done, as I meant to do, two jobs at once.

On this score, there remains only to be added that in my opinion the ideologists often have treated the problems of political philosophy more imaginatively and in greater depth than their more classical predecessors. And the reason for this is that they nearly always see the necessity of viewing a political philosophy (or ideology) not only in the perspective of a system of moral principles, but also within the context of a philosophy of history, a metaphysical *Weltanschauung*, and, if one can be found, a theology. It is this context, largely lacking except in negative terms in the works of the anti-ideologists, which gives depth and range and power to a political ideology. And, indeed, if one knows where to look for it, the greatest classical political philosophies, such as Plato's and Aquinas's, have always provided it.

Mr. Bell's cry of "foul" in response to my charge, or informed

guess, that the anti-ideologists are not only anti-moralistic but also anti-moralists who really mean to go altogether beyond "good and evil," is premature. My advice to him here is to re-read, not my words, but his own. In the passage about total ideology which he quotes from his own book, there is this sentence: "This commitment to ideology—the yearning for a cause, the satisfaction of deep moral feelings—is not . . ." etc. (my italics.). Here, plainly, is not the obvious pejorative adjective "moralistic" but the now pejorated adjective "moral" itself. There are other analogous passages in Mr. Bell's writings, as well as a good many that might be quoted to advantage from the writings of his allies. I stand my ground: Mr. Bell's attack is not directed merely against "moralism"—which, of course, is nothing but the other chap's morals—but against morality as a form of discourse, a form of policy, a way of deciding what is to be done (and said).

MR. BELL asks me, as I hoped he might, to be concrete. Very well (although it should be emphasized that there is nothing wrong with being abstract when the problems at issue are abstract and general, as they are to a degree in the present context). I believe in the necessity of constant, incessant pressure from the Left upon the Establishment and the status quo in order to rectify grave social wrongs: injustices, inequalities, and other miseries that are removable through collective social action. I believe, furthermore, in a never-ending "resistance" and spiritual rebelliousness. In our time, I think that the first order of business is a continuing, stop-at-nothing effort to obtain, not merely a nuclear test ban, but a progressive, ultimately total, dismantling of our entire machinery for nuclear warfare, lest some benighted Goldwater, unacquainted with the theory of games, should not merely threaten to use it, but use it. I believe in the necessity of a foreign policy for America which is predicated on the principle that any sort of

brinksmanship, in whatever cause, is deeply immoral, a test not of courage but of inhumanity or madness or both. I seek, further, an approach to the problems of "underdeveloped" regions and nations which is radically non-military and which is completely indifferent to questions of ideology, race, color, or previous condition of servitude. I want us to pursue a realistic policy in regard to China, one which recognizes that China is a permanent, or semi-permanent, political and social reality which cannot be dealt with by the methods employed by the American government during the past decade. Whether we "like" the Chinese government is quite irrelevant. It belongs in the UN if Spain and Russia and Egypt belong. But this is merely emblematic. It is the "either-or" mentality exemplified by the anti-ideologists in their thinking about the confrontation between the Communist worlds and the "free" worlds which seems to me so inhuman, so dangerous, so suicidal.

Domestically, I applaud a hard, tough, *uncompromising* effort to bring the Negro people up to scratch, legally, politically, economically, humanly. People deplore the riots. What they should deplore are the causes of the riots: and what they should do about them is to remove those causes. *This can be done*, particularly if we divert a third or a half of the money and effort spent on building the military establishment, moon shots and all the rest of it, into imaginative public-works projects, educational developments, medical programs, and humanistic social activities in which all classes

and colors of Americans participate together. Harlem (and "Harlem" works a bit like "Goldwater," as a type-word) is a national, not a regional, problem, and it can't wait a generation for a solution. There is also the immense aesthetic and even religious problem of saving America and the world from total permanent disfigurement. Much of New York, for example, is now so hideous that one wonders how human beings can endure it. But it is a dream city by comparison with Detroit and Chicago. The countryside is in ruins. The air stinks. The water, what there is of it, is undrinkable. And so on. A world as ugly, as fearful, as uncertain of itself as ours needs sympathy, but it needs continual action—bold, determined, and radical. Nothing else will suffice.

IN PART THE differences between Mr. Bell's party and my own are doctrinal. But there are indeed basic differences of attitude or posture toward the whole conduct of life of men in societies. This becomes apparent in our respective conceptions of the democratic process itself. For Mr. Bell, it seems, democracy virtually means compromise. For me, compromise is as compromise does: some compromises are desirable; some necessary; others are dishonorable. Where questions of civil liberty, economic equality, and social justice are concerned, I consider compromise with the "interests," with prejudice, with indifference to be dishonorable, and I do not commend it. All too often, even in a democracy, compromise suggests, not sweet reasonableness and good will, but inaction, vacillation, col-

laboration, timidity. For me democracy is, minimally, a device for checking the accumulation of political power; maximally, it is a mode of participation in the communal life and a sharing of fundamental responsibilities toward the common good. What lies between seems to me, often, less admirable.

More broadly still, for Mr. Bell it appears that problems of politics generally are to be viewed, first, as problems of calculation and, secondly, as problems of adjustment (or compromise). For me, they involve much more, as is evident in my views about the role of rhetoric in political thought and discourse. To my mind, therefore, the end of ideology is, in a sense, almost tantamount to the end of politics itself. Beneath all, the anti-ideologists are men of doubt; their temperament, in the language of William James, is that of the "tough-minded." All too often, sadly, the same is true of me, but I do not glory in the fact. Pessimism is a fact of life; optimism, in our time at least, almost a matter of grace. Thought, analysis, inquiry—and the itch of doubt which animates inquiry—are *of course* indispensable conditions of rational life. But aspiration, passion, hope, volition, and choice also belong inalienably to the life of the mind and the spirit. Without them, in the heat of the day, we languish, we perish. We must not allow ourselves to be paralyzed by thought; rather we must *use* it. We must not let it divert us from the necessity of action. We *dare* not forever stand and wait; we *dare* not continue to temporize. It is late, and there is a world at stake.

NEGRO INDEPENDENCE

THE BLACK JEWS OF HARLEM:
NEGRO NATIONALISM AND THE
DILEMMAS OF NEGRO LEADERSHIP.
By HOWARD BROTZ. Free Press.
144 pp. \$1.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN GLAZER

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Howard Brotz decided to give his book so limited a title as *The Black Jews of Harlem*. Half of it is indeed about this strange sect—less strange now, to be sure, than when he first studied it more than ten years ago, for we have since learned a great deal about the Black Muslims, and the doctrines of the two groups are amazingly similar. As Mr. Brotz's subtitle suggests, however, the second half of the book deals with matters of much greater significance—the problem of Negro leadership, the Negro situation in America, and the role that Negro nationalism may play in its alleviation. In my opinion, this section constitutes the single most important intellectual contribution to the understanding of the Negro revolution that has yet been written. For me it had an impact equal to that of Stanley Elkins's *Slavery* or C. Vann Woodward's *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*: I felt that I had understood something new. None of the other recent works I have seen on the subject—whether of rhetoric or journalism or scholarship—has convinced me that it was outlining a path which might lead to a better interracial future. Mr. Brotz has.

Mr. Brotz tells us—as a prelude to his analysis of the problems of Negro leadership—that the Black Jews, like the Black Muslims, deny the name "Negro," insisting that they are really a different people of a religion which was stolen from them by whites and which they must recover in order to become whole again. Both groups violently reject a whole range of lower-class Negro mores—the eating of pork, emotional religious services,

sexual promiscuity, flashy clothing, the depreciation of parental authority; these are "niggeritions." They stress the importance of an education that will teach them who they really are, instead of what they have been turned into by the whites. In the case of the Black Jews, this involves a Jewish education as inadequate as the Muslim education offered by the University of Islam, but the intention and the emotions involved are similar. Again like the Black Muslims, the Black Jews emphasize sober living and frugality, and while they are too small a group to open businesses, they do make certain gestures in this direction—building houses, for example, on a Long Island tract of land they have purchased. The greater success of the Black Muslims indicates that they offer greater attractions than the Black Jews, among which a more intense hatred of whites and a more charismatic leadership are probably the most significant. And, as Mr. Brotz also points out, the existence of real Jews in this country poses a disadvantage to the Black Jews in their efforts to expand. But the doctrine of both groups, exotic though they may seem, is potentially meaningful to large numbers of Negroes; and their success in persuading many lower-class Negroes to lead self-respecting, sober, hard-working lives, has attracted the interest of many intellectuals.

In his discussion of Negro leadership, Mr. Brotz argues that the standard division of Negro leadership into the two modes of "accommodation" and "protest"—a division derived from Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*—leaves no place for the Black Muslims, or Marcus Garvey before them. "Accommodationist" Negro leadership accepts the subordinate position of the Negro and acts as an intermediary between him and the whites; it secures what it can for the Negro community without upsetting the status quo—and derives benefits for itself in a segregated

setting. The model for this type of leadership is the Southern Negro college president, Dr. Bledsoe, in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, or, to take a historical figure, Booker T. Washington. "Protest" leadership, by contrast, opposes all the barriers that keep the Negro from full equality; the model here is Washington's great antagonist, W.E.B. Du Bois. Initially, protest leadership focuses on the laws and practices which take race into account; next on the major private institutions—especially those dealing with education, jobs, and housing—which practice discrimination; and finally on the factors which are presumed to be at the root of remaining inequalities—the high concentration of Negroes in the worst schools, slum conditions, patterns of advancement within private and public bureaucracies, and so on.

But where does Negro nationalism fit in? On the one hand, it "protests" against the condition of the "so-called Negro," which it regards as a product of white duplicity; on the other hand, it claims to be indifferent to most of the specific goals of the active protest movements. Thus, Elijah Muhammad argues that rather than try to get into white restaurants, Negroes should be opening their own. Negro nationalism—and this was as true of Marcus Garvey as it is of Elijah Muhammad—emphasizes self-help and community building, just as the "accommodationist" Booker T. Washington did, though the nationalist position certainly avoids the verbal accommodation that accompanied the development of segregated Negro institutions in the South.

BUT ACCORDING to Mr. Brotz, the dichotomy between "protest" and "accommodation" is not only an oversimplification; it also obscures what must necessarily be the most creative and important task of Negro leadership today. His own analysis begins with a rehabilitation of Booker T. Washington, in-

geniously based on the work of both Elkins and Woodward. He points out that for a period of twenty years after the end of the Civil War, the Negro—at least the educated Negro—was enfranchised in the South; that during this time an important wing of Southern white leadership thought in terms of a partnership between the two races; that Southern Negroes were elected to state offices and to Congress even after 1876; and that the structure of radical separation of the races through an elaborate system of Jim Crow laws had not yet been erected.

It was in this situation that Washington founded Tuskegee. He saw that the Negro had been denuded by slavery of the qualities necessary for building an independent and satisfying life. Primarily what concerned him—at a time when the great majority of American Negroes were Southern rural laborers—was the devaluation of work produced by slavery, for he felt that independent and productive work was the basis of racial self-respect. But Washington also assumed that the Negroes, as they gained education and income, would be enfranchised and would be able to play a major role in politics and in the shaping of their own fate. He fought desperately against the movement to disenfranchise the Negroes in the South in the 1890's. When this movement succeeded, and Jim Crow began to fasten its bonds on the Negro people, he was left with half a program.

THE other half became the program of "protest," and indeed as long as the Negro was legally defined as separate and inferior, the most energetic Negro thinkers and leaders could legitimately see no other task for them than the removal of the bonds. But the logic of "protest" led Negroes to construe their condition as solely the product of white activity; and they denied passionately that any action on their part could in any way effect an improvement in their situation unless it led the *whites* into doing something—first changing the law, then changing the conditions that were defined in subtler and ever subtler fashion as the author of the Negro fate. "The

main stream of Negro protest," Mr. Brotz writes, "found itself unable to argue simultaneously *against* Jim Crow and *for* the needs of a Negro community. But this means that it has trapped itself into a rhetoric where it is forced to conjoin its quest for the individual rights of Negroes to the premise that any co-existence among Negroes qua Negroes is degrading (because segregated). . . . One can imagine the impression this point of view makes among whites."

Obviously, it only becomes meaningful for Brotz to develop such a point because there is, in large areas of the country, a rather meticulous rooting out of all forms of public and many forms of private discrimination against Negroes. In other words, we now have a situation which corresponds—despite the differences—to the one in which Booker T. Washington first saw as his major task the building up of the economic and social foundations of the Negro community. Now I believe that white uneasiness over the exclusiveness of Negro demands for what in effect is assimilation—and assimilation of a more subtle kind than any other group has demanded in America (note, for example, the almost Talmudic arguments about *how many* Negro students make a school "de facto" segregated, which is quite unique in American experience)—can be analyzed somewhat more extensively than Mr. Brotz has. He does not deny white responsibility for the exclusiveness of the main line of Negro demands. In fact, he points out that this exclusiveness arose *just because* no path to assimilation was offered the Negro by white America (as, say, Brazil made it possible for the lower-class "Negro" to become an assimilated Brazilian "of color"). "Without this choice, which would give the Negro an objective basis of showing his reluctance to assimilate except on his own terms and where he chooses, the white, no matter how wildly and with what paranoid fears he may exaggerate this, sees the Negro as completely dependent upon him and wanting to fasten upon him like a starfish."

I think this is true. The point would have been strengthened if Mr. Brotz had analyzed the white

side more fully. For paralleling the apparent insistence of the Negro militants that there should not be a distinct Negro community, is the fact that the white side is itself composed of a series of communities, none exclusive or complete, but all with a certain sense of their identity and a sense of some value and distinctiveness. In other words, there is no "white American community" into which the Negro can assimilate, for no such abstract community exists—there are only white Protestant communities, Catholic communities, Irish, Italian, or Jewish communities. It was not white America that rioted when Negro children were brought into certain schools in Cleveland—it was the Italian-American community there. It is not white America that organizes interracial committees to reduce the movement of Negroes into a white suburb in order to keep the whites from fleeing—it is Jewish or white Protestant liberals. And similarly with the restrictive practices of many organizations, whether local craft unions or great banks.

The assimilation of various outgroups into jobs, schools, residential areas, and social life has always been *partial* in this country. Mr. Brotz's chief insight consists in seeing that such assimilation has in the past been successful because at some point the dominant groups realized that the subordinate ones preferred or expected it to remain partial. To take one example, the Jewish concern over intermarriage—which is real and public—reassures, I believe, some part of the white Protestant world that its institutions are not fated to change completely when, by operating on the principle of individual merit, they open themselves up to large numbers of Jews.

OBVIOUSLY anyone who reads about the Black Jews or the Black Muslims would not for a moment believe that any such strategic consideration lies behind their dislike of intermarriage, or their concern for educating and consolidating a Negro community. Nor, of course, does any such strategy dictate Jewish concern with intermarriage. But that is just the point: Mr. Brotz argues that the positive bases

for a Negro community do exist. Along with the attack on discrimination and segregation and prejudice, the building up of such a community offers a far greater hope for a better and more self-respecting life for Negroes than the kind of exclusive preoccupation with segregation and discrimination that has developed in parts of the North and the West. Mr. Brotz here discusses forthrightly and honestly the absurd historical claims of the Black Muslims and the scarcely less absurd or poorly based claims of various secular nationalist groups to past grandeur and to the splendor of Negro achievements in Africa. But he points out that a culture or a community need not be old to provide a basis for self-respect. Negroes in America, whatever the conditions under which they have been forced to live, have in effect created a meaningful and distinctive cultural style; and in any case all cultures in the modern world are deeply influenced by powerful technologies, ideas, and styles stemming from a few major centers. Mr. Brotz agrees that whites must accept the obligation to repay the "unpaid debt the United States owes the Negro, who was, indeed, as the Black Jews correctly say, robbed of his self-respect. But in a fundamental sense he can only recover this by himself."

The connection between the "unpaid debt" and the Negro's need to build a meaningful and respect-restoring community is subtly analyzed by Mr. Brotz. One must recognize, however, that only a few white intellectuals and a few exotic Negro nationalists are as yet prepared to appreciate such an analysis; and that is hardly enough to make it effective.

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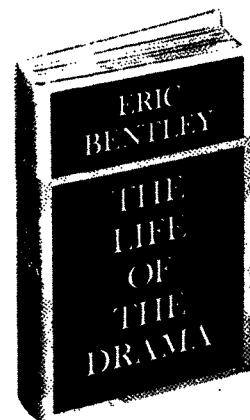
THE CART AND THE HORSE. By LOUIS KRONENBERGER. Knopf. 212 pp. \$4.95.

Reviewed by ROBERT LANGBAUM

DRAMA CRITIC, critic of literature generally, and 18th-century scholar (he is the author, for example, of the fine biography, *Marlborough's*

Duchess), Louis Kronenberger has long been known for a style and attitude reminiscent of the 18th century—for neatly balanced and elegantly epigrammatic sentences, for urbanity, and for a humorously tolerant worldliness. Now as he approaches sixty, he surveys with dismay the course of American culture since the 1920's—even giving vent to the personal crotchets appropriate, as he himself says, to a man of his years. Indeed, the whole of *The Cart and the Horse* might be called by the title of one of its chapters—"Reflections and Complaints of Late Middle Age." For the book is more interesting for what it tells us about Mr. Kronenberger than what it tells us about the age. Not that Mr. Kronenberger's observations about the age are untrue. They are (or have until recently been) true enough. But they have also been the standard observations of literary intellectuals since World War II. It is a little late in the day to be reading still another diatribe against TV and Madison Avenue, justified though it may be. It is because I so thoroughly agreed with Mr. Kronenberger's observations that I found them boring.

Mr. Kronenberger exploits the paradox which has been central to the criticism of American culture since World War II—the paradox that takes off from the simple division of the 1920's between, on the one hand, the Philistine, Coolidge-Republican, small-town businessmen, the Babbitts; and on the other, the arty, cosmopolitan, politically progressive elite who gravitated to Greenwich Village and the Left Bank of Paris. Since World War II, however, this simple division between Main Street and MacDougal Alley has been dissolved. Babbitt has now got a college education. He subscribes to book clubs, reads quality paperbacks, and buys the best hi-fi records. He is no longer dragged to Europe by his women-folk, but goes willingly. For Babbitt is now governed by more sophisticated status symbols. He has become—to use a favorite stereotype of the last two decades—the man in the gray flannel suit. And even more miraculously, he has become a liberal who believes in American responsibility abroad, in



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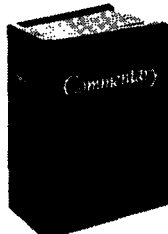
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The paradox, then, is this—that the condition for which the liberals of the 20's and 30's fought has finally been realized and has only served to raise new problems. It was the postwar sense of this situation—the sense that the time had come, now that everyone was liberal, for liberalism to turn a critical eye upon itself—that gave us the very interesting and sophisticated critical literature of the 40's and 50's: a literature ranging from Peter Viereck's caricature of the new Babbitt shortly after the war to Jacques Barzun's recent *House of Intellect*, and which reached its climax with Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* and David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*. Mr. Kronenberger follows this line of criticism when, in his first chapter, he puts the horse *before* the cart by blaming the faults of our mass culture not upon the Philistines and reactionaries but upon the enlightened elite, "the taste-makers and pace-setters," who with all the right ideas have still gone wrong.

WHY THEN do I object? I object because Mr. Kronenberger, after starting with the promising statement that the trouble with American life "is its way of jumbling values," proceeds to jumble them himself. He attacks the age because its enlightened elite follows the fashions in status symbols and in taste, and because its Madison Avenue Babbitts fight hard to get ahead in the world. But when have upper-class people not followed fashion, and when have people within sight of the top not struggled to get there? It is not always clear whether Mr. Kronenberger is writing against the age or against the eternal sinfulness of man.

Thus, he makes the just observation that whereas the businessmen of yesteryear professed a conservative, dog-eat-dog philosophy appropriate to their pursuit of gain, today's careerists profess a liberal, altruistic philosophy at odds with their ruthless careerism, and too often use their commitment to the right political causes as a substitute for personal ethics. However,

since Mr. Kronenberger sees that yesterday's Babbitt was an entrepreneur, whereas today's is likely to be a salaried executive, he ought also to have seen that liberalism is not at all inappropriate to employees of corporations so large as to be semi-public in nature and not very different in atmosphere from the universities, foundations, and even government itself. For the political philosophy we nowadays call liberalism is that which recognizes the inevitably semi-public, if not public, nature of the gigantic enterprises of modern times.

As for the dog-eat-dog philosophy, that was openly professed for only a very short time; and in any case people have for the last thousand years managed to pursue their personal advantage against a quite antithetical background of Christianity and the chivalric code of honor. The intrigues of Madison Avenue are, I am sure, mild compared to the intrigues of the Christian courts of Europe. An age can nevertheless be judged by the quality of its ideals, even if practice must inevitably fall short of the ideal and the really good, like the really original, person must at any time be a rarity.

This brings me back to my main objection to Mr. Kronenberger's book—that it comes at least five years too late. In its blithe assumption that all Americans are liberal, it belongs to the 50's rather than the 60's. For the civil rights issue has once again given liberalism a clear cause and visible enemies against which to define itself. And Goldwater's nomination has exposed as a dangerous illusion the idea that all Americans are liberal. When the chips are down, as they will be in November, one becomes grateful for everyone who subscribes, however superficially, to the right ideals.

One would expect from Mr. Kronenberger the 18th-century hard-headedness to accept the world as inevitably complex and inadequate and go on from there. Instead, he is nostalgic. He is nostalgic for the literary world of the 20's, which had, indeed, more dash than the businesslike, institutionalized literary world of today. He is nostalgic for vanished simplicities—for the stultifying small-town life he and

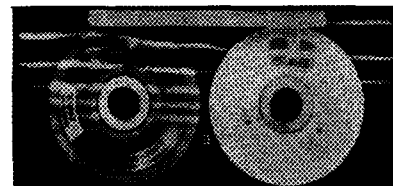
GOLDWATER: AN ENGLISH VIEW

Reviewed by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Not, let me hasten to add, that I am one of those on this side of the Atlantic who incline toward equating the junior Senator from Arizona with the late Fuehrer. The differences between the two (apart

Already I am in the Senator's debt for some hearty laughs. The disorder his nomination caused over here among pollsters and other expert political soothsayers was wonderful to behold. Not since General de Gaulle took over in France has there been such disquiet, if not panic, in their ranks. On that occasion there was serious talk in leftist circles, with a nostalgic glance toward the 30's and the Spanish Civil War, of raising an International Brigade to frustrate the anticipated excesses of Algerian *colons* and generals red in tooth and claw. No one has yet

Contemporary society is organized completely around the "how"—an emphasis which dooms man irrevocably to absolute de-humanization. So says Jacques Ellul, France's great creative thinker, in his brilliant, mind-jolting book, in which he "formulates a comprehensive and forceful social philosophy and requires us to examine anew the essential tragedy of a civilization increasingly dominated by technique."—from the introduction by
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suggested, not even in the *Tribune* or the *New Statesman*, that this time an International Brigade should be raised to invade America, capture Mr. Goldwater, and insist on the Republican party nominating Governor Rockefeller or some other figure more worthy of being interviewed on BBC programs like *Panorama*, made the subject of an *Observer* profile, and otherwise incorporated in our canon of righteousness and enlightenment.

Short of this, however, reactions have been intense. The London *Times's* special man at the San Francisco Convention wrote about Mr. Goldwater as though he were a Seventh Day Adventist or Jehovah's Witness who had unaccountably been made an Anglican bishop. One came away from leftist cocktail parties fully expecting to find the fall-out had begun and the streets already running with Strontium B. Voices on the air and coming out of the television screen were grave indeed. If clergymen, when they besought heaven to save us from war, pestilence, and sudden death, did not add the junior Senator from Arizona, their tone of voice indicated that they might well have done so.

MR. GOLDWATER'S political ideas, as set forth in *The Conscience of a Conservative*, scarcely support these alarmist attitudes. They are as flat and banal as a dissertation by a St. Louis business executive to a convention of carbon-paper manufacturers in Atlantic City. Taxes are too high; the federal government has grabbed too much power from the states; foreign aid should be sparingly disbursed, and then only to authentically anti-Communist governments (like Chiang Kai-shek's, one might reflect); no good purpose is served by negotiating with the Soviet bloc countries, from whom American diplomatic recognition should be withdrawn; trade unions are permissible, but only for negotiations with individual managements, not on a national scale; farm subsidies should be abolished, and the laws of supply and demand allowed to operate throughout the economy; the granting of "civil rights" (whatever they may be; the Sena-

tor is by no means certain) to Negroes by Congressional legislation may conceivably be desirable, but is clearly unconstitutional, as is federal participation, financial or otherwise, in state education; "welfarism" is both practically inexpedient and morally abhorrent, and should be eschewed; with a ready and plentiful supply of tactical nuclear weapons (to procure which no expense should be spared) America would be in a position not only to maintain the international status quo but to carry the cold war into enemy territory and win it.

There is a kind of glorious audacity in thus flouting so many powerful electoral interests, like the farmers and the trade unionists, normally treated with great ostensible consideration by both parties. Only the Southern racists would seem to be in a position to derive much comfort from the Senator's proposals. They may well acclaim his assertion that he is not prepared to impose his own or any other judgments on "the people of Mississippi or South Carolina" in the knowledge that what the Senator means, in this context, by "the people" is just their own antediluvian selves, and the corrupt, undemocratic Democratic party machine they control.

What Mr. Goldwater is, in effect, proposing is to return to the pre-New Deal America; a journey which, even if he seriously intended to undertake it (as I take leave to doubt, confirmed therein by the Senator's more recent pronouncements at Hershey and elsewhere), would come to grief in the minefields and quicksands lying between now and then. *Laissez-faire* economics at home and isolationism in foreign policy are just not worth arguing about, for or against, today. They exist, if at all, as a cast in the eye of the beholder. The venerable Mr. Hoover himself would, I am sure, hesitate to recommend such courses.

IF SOMEONE as normally astute as Mr. Goldwater has seen fit, nonetheless, to identify himself with attitudes which he must know to be neither intellectually valid nor practically expedient, it can only be because he considers that in the

present American temper a Don Quixote image is more appealing than the traditional one of a glad-handing, benevolent, all-purpose politico such as Mr. Nixon adopted, so nearly with success. Here Mr. Goldwater's calculations may not be so far astray. For some years now there has been discernible among the young in America a mood of romantic conservatism, disconcerting, if not shocking, to old subversives from over the ocean like myself making our weary way from one lecture podium to another.

And not only in America. Elsewhere, too, there is a like sense of deep, and potentially turbulent, disenchantment with the assumptions of a "liberal" outlook; above all, with the concept of "progress" as something which is steadily, year by year, unfolding like a soap opera. It afflicts the British Labor party, as Mr. Harold Wilson is well aware; also Herr Willy Brandt and his Social Democrats, losing monotonously to those unpleasing West German economic miracle-makers. De Gaulle is a portent the other way. Who would ever have believed that the French, of all people, could be induced to accept with little friction the personal rule of this portentous man of destiny compared with whom, in certain respects, Mr. Goldwater is a dangerous radical? Yet they have, and the old *Gauche Radicale*, which governed France so long and so badly, has disappeared, probably forever.

For years conservatism has gone on existing by stealing the clothes of its progressive opponents. Now that stolen wardrobe is threadbare, and the only alternative garments which meet the eye are some old crinolines and frock coats stored away for use as fancy dress. Why not put them on? It makes a change anyway. Probably everyone has to some degree experienced the mood of irritation which fosters such an attitude. The too shrill voices of progressive women, the too thick tweeds and too heavy pipe-smoke of progressive men; the too thin beards of progressive youths and the too tight jeans of progressive girls; excessive confidence in contraceptives, psychiatry, education, Adlai

Stevenson, wholewheat bread, and the United Nations. It has all become a kind of orthodoxy, to which Senator Goldwater's more antique brand can be made to seem a possible alternative. How clever of him (or his speechwriter) to proclaim his determination to offer the American electorate a choice, not an echo. I happened to mention this astute slogan to Michael Foot, one of the most agreeable and intelligent of our Labor party leftists. "If only we'd thought of it!" he murmured enviously.

Naturally, it is Mr. Goldwater's views on defense and foreign policy—elaborated in his *Why Not Victory?*—to which we non-Americans turn with particular concern. Here, we are not just spectators, indignant, dispassionate, or amused according to our fancy, but directly concerned. Would the Senator, if elected President, start a nuclear war? Americans might be surprised at the number of my fellow-countrymen, apparently in possession of their right minds, who are convinced that he would. They believe (sometimes literally) that there is a red switch in the White House which a President can turn on if he has a mind, and, hey, presto! the missiles begin to buzz and atomic explosions to shake the earth. There are still surprisingly few non-Americans (Americans, too, I daresay) who have any idea of how government works in the United States, and of the restrictions on a President's powers; even when he is an F.D.R., let alone a Goldwater.

Why Not Victory?, in any case, proves on examination to be a less alarming document than might have been anticipated. Though the Senator is strong for victory rather than a detente, he studiously, not to say dishonestly, avoids specifying how it can be achieved without precipitating a large-scale nuclear war. Nor is there any question of general mobilization; manpower, one gathers, is to be provided by the Chinese and other oppressed peoples, who will be happy to fight, and if necessary die, in an anti-Communist crusade. Not even to help the revolting Hungarians would the Senator have been prepared to com-

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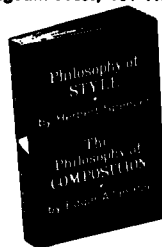
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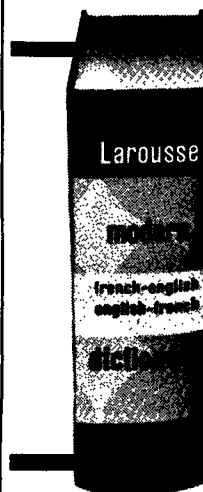
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mit a single American soldier. It is liberation by remote control that he recommends; Richard Coeur-de-Lion stays at home, sending his exhortations over the air by Radio Free Holy Land.

Otherwise, the Senator contents himself with repeating all the old Republican shibboleths about foreign aid, recognition of Red China, disarmament, and so on, so vociferously propounded at Convention time, so muted when there is a Republican administration. He lambastes Senator Fulbright for his moderation as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, but might more properly have directed his reproaches against his sometime leader, Mr. Eisenhower, who in two terms of office failed to carry out any of the recommendations in *Why Not Victory?*, though enjoying in the Senate its author's full approbation.

My own guess would be (for what it is worth) that Mr. Goldwater, as President, would find himself irresistibly drawn toward making a so-called "realistic" deal with Mr. Khrushchev. The attainment of power almost invariably involves doing the exact opposite of what was recommended in order to attain it. Thus, de Gaulle pulls France out of Algeria, the English Conservatives disband the British Empire, international Marxism turns into pan-Slav Nationalism. Only lunatics like Hitler do what they say they are going to do, with disastrous consequences. The John Birchers, I should suppose, would get as little joy out of a Goldwater Presidency as American Communists and fellow-travelers would have gotten out of a Henry Wallace one.

The Senator and Mr. Khrushchev would assuredly get along well together. Mr. K likes reactionaries and crackpot millionaires, and cannot abide liberals like Adlai Stevenson or left-wing socialists like the late Aneurin Bevan. *The Conscience of a Conservative* and *Why Not Victory?* are much more up his street than, say, the writings of Professor Galbraith, John Strachey, or even Bertrand Russell. I see the two of them having a high old time together by the Black Sea or in the Adirondacks, but comfort

myself with the reflection that, whatever mischief they might plot, Lincoln's sublime humility would apply perforce, and perhaps even of purpose, to the Arizonan:

I have been selected to fill an important office for a brief period, and am now, in your eyes, invested with an importance which will soon pass away; but should my administration prove to be a very wicked one, or what is more probable a foolish one, if you, the people, are true to yourselves and the constitution, there is but little harm I can do, thank God.

FROM PREJUDICE TO GENOCIDE

ANTI-SEMITISM: A CONCISE WORLD HISTORY. By JAMES PARKES. *Quadrangle*. 192 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by BEN HALPERN

IT IS A rare thing when the title of a book describes it not only accurately but modestly as well. Dr. Parkes's "concise world history" of anti-Semitism is not merely brief; it demonstrates that in studying major social issues more may be learned from common sense concisely supported by wide historical knowledge than from sophisticated techniques extensively applied to a limited number of cases. Again—as the title indicates—the book is a *world* history, but more significantly so than in the mere extent of its coverage. By electing to study anti-Semitism in its natural habitat—which is precisely world history—Dr. Parkes is able to uncover highly significant features that do not turn up in the laboratories of the social scientists.

That is not to say that Dr. Parkes ignores the psychological aspect of anti-Semitism. His account of the recent research that has been done in the field in England and America is summed up in a few pertinent generalizations: any group which persists in remaining different (or "alien") from the surrounding milieu will engender feelings of insecurity within that milieu and invite hatred against itself; the group then comes to serve as a scapegoat—an object, that is, onto which hostility may be pro-

jected and aggression displaced whenever frustrations of one sort or another rise to a relatively high pitch.

But Dr. Parkes has recourse to psychological theories only for help in clarifying something important that he already knew beforehand—in this case, how pervasive the "scapegoat" motif has been in the history of anti-Semitism. Thus, having considered what mechanisms like projection, displacement, and rationalization can contribute toward an understanding of how minorities in general come to be used as scapegoats, he goes on to investigate what has made the Jews so uniquely suited to serve as scapegoats throughout the centuries. And in addressing himself to this question, he writes as a historian seeking an answer that will be relevant to the special course of Jewish history and no other.

Dr. Parkes's analysis leads to a bold and drastic thesis, best stated in his own words:

One could go on with such instances showing how completely Jewish-Gentile relations followed the normal pattern of relations between neighbors, now good, now bad, now roused to enmity by some special irritation, now moved to approval and imitation by something which was admirable. But it would bring us no nearer the understanding of anti-Semitism. For anti-Semitism is a unique expression of group prejudice, and arises out of a unique cause.

That which changed the normal pattern of Jewish-Gentile relations was the action of the Christian Church. The statement is tragic but the evidence is inescapable.

EVER SINCE the late 18th century, when the Jews left the ghetto and began to re-enter European society, Jews and Christians alike have questioned whether there was any historic justification for the continued survival of Judaism and the Jewish people. Had not the Jews for centuries been only a relic of antiquity, artificially preserved by oppression? Now that they were free to enter general European society and share in its civilization, should they not be absorbed by

that society once and for all? Against arguments like these, those Jewish liberals who would not renounce their collective identity were forced to assert that the rise of Christianity had not made Judaism and the Jewish people anachronistic, and that even after the Enlightenment there still remained a significant contribution which Jewish culture could make to the perfection of man in history. Though Reform Judaism, for example, submitted to many Gentile standards when it introduced its revisions in Jewish ritual, it, too, defied the consensus of Gentile opinion in arguing that the Jews still had a mission—to serve the unredeemed world as a model of monotheistic faith and prophetic ethics.

We must recognize, however, that the apologies for Jewish survival prevalent in the 19th century made little impression on anyone but their authors. Even when thinkers like Franz Rosenzweig and Hermann Cohen recast these arguments into the highly acceptable terms of current philosophy, their efforts went unnoticed outside a small circle of Jewish disciples. Nor is this surprising, for the truth is that the primary impact which the Jews as a collective entity had on modern history (prior to the rise of Israel) occurred not through anything they were or did, but rather through what was done to them. Politically, the major contribution of the Jews and Judaism in the late 19th and early 20th centuries was to give rise to political anti-Semitism; and so far as general intellectual history goes, the chief importance of Judaism in the 19th century was the incidental role it played in the efforts of Protestant savants from Schleiermacher and Hegel to Harnack and Wellhausen to justify liberal Christianity historically and philosophically.

Dr. Parkes, similarly, considers anti-Semitism essentially as an episode in the history of Christianity. Unlike most writers, however, he adopts this point of view not as a matter of course but with full awareness of alternative interpretations. He specifically rejects any historical explanations which could serve to mitigate Christian

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guilt by distributing the responsibility for anti-Semitism among causes other than, or in addition to, "the action of the Christian Church." Thus, monotheism, notwithstanding its peculiar intolerance, was not, according to Dr. Parkes, the cause of anti-Semitism: after all, monotheistic Islam treated both Jews and Christians within its borders relatively well. And while in the Hellenistic world there was hatred of the Jews, it was coupled with admiration for Judaism itself, so that the Jewish-Graeco-Roman symbiosis "followed the normal pattern of relations between neighbors." By rejecting more general explanations of anti-Semitism—probably with Arnold Toynbee in mind—Dr. Parkes allows neither himself nor his readers any possibility of evading the central issue for Christian conscience: their own special guilt for the historic sin of anti-Semitism.

On certain special questions, Dr. Parkes's particular point of view allows him to illuminate much that is usually hidden—for example, the process by which anti-Semitism made its way up from the tortuous underworld of 19th-century European politics into the public policies of figures like Bismarck and the Czars of Russia. Dr. Parkes's recital of the hateful attitudes of Church Fathers and Christian bishops toward the Jews brings into focus another important aspect of European history that is often passed over in silence.

No JEWISH READER could fail to appreciate the honesty and courage of such an approach on the part of a Christian historian. Yet from the standpoint of anyone concerned with Jewish history in its own terms, an account of that history as a tragic episode within the history of Christianity is bound to seem out of perspective. The special insights which proceed from the Christian conscience rigorously confronting itself become relatively extraneous when we concentrate on the course of Jewish history rather than on the criminal responsibility of Christianity for the form which Jewish history has taken. While Dr. Parkes documents the specific responsibility of the Christian Church for anti-Semitism

too well for it to be overlooked hereafter, a historian concerned less with Christianity than with Judaism would ask questions in addition to those he chooses to ask. Having been taught by Hitler that the physical extermination of the Jews is entirely possible, and by the Soviet Union that their destruction by cultural genocide is also possible, the Jewish historian cannot but note that while the pagan religions did not survive the establishment of Christian hegemony over all of Europe, Judaism did. The Jewish historian therefore must conclude that if Judaism survived, one reason was certainly a decision by the Christian Church, when and where it had power, to permit it to survive.

Chrysostom, who preached that the Jews "are become worse than wild beasts; and . . . worship the avenging devils who are attempting to destroy Christianity" certainly belongs in any history of the Jewish-Christian symbiosis; but (as Dr. Parkes in his other writings fully recognizes) so does Pope Gregory the Great who said that the Jews must not be expelled, deprived of their rights, or converted by force, but rather that they must be brought into the fold by reason and mildness. Gregory, more than any other priest, established the institutional basis of the Jewish-Christian symbiosis wherever the Catholic hierarchy was in power. If anti-Semitism was condoned and furthered by the Church, the Church also made sure to uphold a minimal Jewish status. The practical alternative to this kind of anti-Semitism was genocide—which, indeed, the same Pope Gregory failed to condemn in regard to the pagans. Genocide against the Jews, whether practiced by Hitler or by the crusading rabble, arises from the breakdown of Church authority *vis à vis* the Jews.

Dr. Parkes's other conclusions, consequently, also need reconsideration. There is no escaping the fact that Judaism and the Jewish people—and the peculiar, exclusive relation between the two—by their very nature engender an uneasy relationship with non-Jews of which anti-Semitism is the outcome. This applies not only to

Christian Gentiles but to all others: monotheism, not Christianity, is the specific cause of anti-Semitism. In Graeco-Roman times hostility to the Jews was different in kind from group prejudice toward other minorities because the Jews were monotheists. The famous tolerance of monotheistic Islam toward Jews as well as Christians amounted in substance to maintaining a status for the People of the Book equivalent to Pope Gregory's prescriptions for Jews in Christendom: it stopped short of genocide, not of anti-Semitism.

Because of these circumstances throughout history, the Jews have separated themselves—and been kept separate—from Gentiles not only in order to preserve mutual differences (and no doubt mutual prejudices), but also out of a desire to minimize friction. Yet even full separation, as in Israel, has not served to reduce Jewish-Gentile differences to the level of "the normal pattern of relations between neighbors." Only a policy of specific controls and disciplines, consciously fashioned by both Jews and Gentiles as a means of governing their relations to one another, can make for a viable Jewish-Christian symbiosis. Where Jews live among Christians as a religious minority, the key to such "normal relations" is finally to be found in a Christian concern for justice toward one's neighbor of the kind shown by James Parkes in his long career of scholarship and humane endeavor. For tolerance is not the point where anti-Semitism ends. Philo-Semitism is.

ETHNICITY AND POWER

POLITICS IN A PLURALIST DEMOCRACY: STUDIES OF VOTING IN THE 1960 ELECTION. By LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ and LEON J. GOLDSTEIN. *Institute of Human Relations Press.* 100 pp. \$2.75; paper, \$1.75.

Reviewed by
DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

THE AMERICAN NOVEL has been much concerned with ethnicity, but it was in the study of politics that its persistence as a factor in

American life was first formally acknowledged, and that the first attempts were made to measure it. The same year Al Smith ran for President, Stuart A. Rice's *Quantitative Methods in Politics* was published; and since the 1928 campaign—in which, of course, questions of religion and national origin came directly to the fore—political scientists, creative journalists like Samuel Lubell, and the new breed of poll-takers have been responding to the insights of the politicians whose profession it is to count votes, and who in surprising degree turn out to have been doing so in terms of ethnicity.

In the calamitous years since 1928, world events would seem, at least superficially, to have become increasingly dominated by ethnic and religious controversy. First, Nazi Germany began the systematic annihilation or debilitation of entire groups of human beings defined by religion or nationality. Japan set out to expel the white man from Asia. The United States went to war against both, and—as if it were an entirely natural thing to do—condemned a host of Japanese Americans to maltreatment of a kind without precedent in our history. With peace came the establishment of Israel, the partition of India, the emergence of Red China and Black Africa. Many of the most powerful events in recent history have assumed a specifically ethnic cast; and when these events subsided, however momentarily, French Canadians, Greek Cypriots, Belgian Walloons, or Malay Chinese promptly turned up in the headlines (not to mention the disappearance of the Stone of Scone).

The United States has been no exception. In the forced growth of the years that followed the 1928 election an immense transformation occurred: among Jews most dramatically, but also among various Catholic nationalities and Negroes. What happened is difficult to define and perhaps impossible to demonstrate, but the impression is overwhelming that a generation is overwhelming that a generation after Al Smith, the younger members of the "minority" groups that he represented emerged in quite disproportionate numbers among the most talented men and wom-

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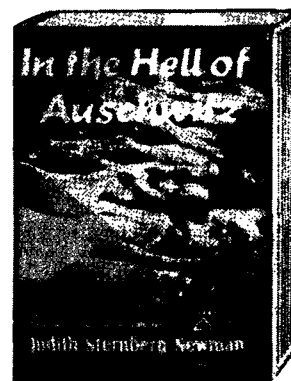
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en of the time; far from catching up—in the arts, in business, in politics, in scholarship and science—they were now leading. The 1960 election, when a Catholic again ran for President, was therefore fought on quite different terms from the one of 1928.

It was certainly never the purpose of John F. Kennedy to be an ethnic candidate. "Contrary to common newspaper usage," as he told the Houston ministers, "I am not the Catholic candidate for President. I am the Democratic party's candidate for President." He kept his campaign focused on the large national issues, but ethnic politics were instinctive to his camp, and that they were not greatly in evidence is a measure, pure and simple, of the skill with which they were pursued. In any event, Kennedy had no choice. Ethnicity is part of what politics is about in America; the economic and ethnic and social and political interests are all tied together. (Asked if he was going to vote for Kennedy because the candidate was a Catholic, a Buffalo worker answered, "No, because I am.")

In *Politics in a Pluralist Democracy*, Lucy S. Dawidowicz and Leon J. Goldstein have written a concise and immensely interesting account of how questions of religion and national origin affected voting for and against Kennedy. Taking off from Lubell's thesis that "dichotomies—such as liberalism-conservatism or isolationism-internationalism—which are often attributed to differences in class, region or ideology [are] also, perhaps primarily, expressions of ethnic interests, disagreements or conflicts," the authors assert that we do not begin to probe the importance of such traditions in politics "unless we advance beyond the customary attempts to determine the mutual tolerance of Protestants, Catholics and Jews."

The study that results from their own advance beyond these customary attempts is a singularly lucid and graceful introduction to the entire subject of ethnicity in American politics. Without the least effort to be definitive, Mrs. Dawidowicz and Mr. Goldstein contrive to be amazingly comprehen-

sive. The returns come in from South Boston and Cincinnati; from Louisiana bayous and Tennessee uplands; from Los Angeles and Detroit suburbs. And the details fascinate. In Rhode Island, to choose an instance, there is now a Yankee vote, ranging over the ballot in search of Saxon surnames in the best tradition of first- and second-generation immigrants; French Canadians by tradition hold one of the state's two seats in the House of Representatives; in Providence, Negroes are apt also to be Catholics with Portuguese surnames acquired in the Cape Verde Islands. Similar complexities obtain elsewhere. Catholics living in the Detroit suburb of Oak Park, 60 per cent of whose residents are Jewish, went less heavily for Kennedy, and Protestants in the same suburb more heavily for him, than their co-religionists in another Detroit suburb where there are almost no Jews. In this latter suburb, the Catholic-Protestant votes were lopsided and almost balanced: Nixon received 80 per cent of the Protestant vote, while Kennedy got 79 per cent of the Catholic. The Jews in Oak Park, who had given 76 per cent of their primary votes to Stevenson, went on to give Kennedy 93 per cent of their votes in the election—here (as apparently elsewhere) a higher proportion than Kennedy received from any other religious or ethnic group.

In Tennessee, fundamentalist in religion but liberal in politics, Nixon did better than Eisenhower had done. In eleven counties, of which all but three had voted for Al Smith, not one went for Kennedy; from that fact the authors surmise that the religious issue for this group may have become *more* rather than less important in the interval. So also would seem to be the case in a group of counties in Southern Illinois. Among Lutherans and Methodists in Southern Ohio, however, the religious issue seemed to have declined in importance and even more notably so among Lutherans in Minnesota.

Writing for the Institute of Human Relations of the American Jewish Committee, Mrs. Dawidowicz and Mr. Goldstein are naturally much interested in the "aberrant"

nature of Jewish voting. "In occupation and income, they most nearly resemble Presbyterians and Episcopalians, upper-status Protestant denominations." While similarly situated Protestants and Catholics vote Republican in considerable numbers, no other group in the population—not trade unionists, not Negroes, not young people, not anyone—has so consistently supported the Democratic party in recent years. Where most groups tend to be liberal on this or that particular issue, Jewish voters keep the faith across the board. The authors make the important observation that this pattern began with Al Smith (half the Jews in America lived in New York in 1928) rather than with Roosevelt, but that is about as far as they get.

And some such point is about as far as anybody gets in writing about ethnicity in American politics. Yet now that ethnicity has entered so securely into the vocabulary of both political science and political journalism,* surely we need to know much more about how it does in fact manifest itself. Voting analyses based on returns for "Polish" wards, "Irish" precincts, "Lutheran" counties, and such, were a useful beginning, but open to all manner of error, and severely restricted in subject matter. To do better, sociologists and political scientists will almost certainly have to go out and create their own samples which they can then study in depth and over time, much as Peter H. Rossi and Andrew M. Greeley are proposing at the National Opinion Research Center. The time is also at hand for some highly sophisticated quantification, as well as for comparative studies involving similarly situated groups as, for instance, the Liverpool Irish, the Argentine Italians, or the Brazilian Germans. Much work remains to be done on the older migrant groups in America. The questions abound. For ex-

* *Time*, for example, in the opening paragraph of its issue reporting on the 1964 San Francisco Convention of the Republican party declared: "And, remarkably, although the party is predominantly white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant, it chose as its candidates Barry Morris Goldwater, 55, who is half-Jewish, and William E. Miller, 50, who is a Roman Catholic."

ample, are patriotic societies of the Revolutionary War vintage to be regarded, as Mrs. Dawidowicz and Mr. Goldstein suggest, as "essentially Anglo-American ethnic organizations," no more to be deferred to than *Clan na Gael* or The Sons of Italy? Or, to take a much more important question, can the past and the future of the American Negro best be understood in terms of this general phenomenon, or is theirs a situation distinct from that of all others?

It is time, moreover, that we began asking why, contrary to all predictions, the successive immigrant groups have never quite disbanded in America. In some cases, indeed, their group consciousness has grown stronger, not weaker, over the years. Is this because ethnicity involves values not easily available elsewhere in the modern world? If so, what are these values? We need not only a theory of ethnicity, but an analytical technique for tracing its effects, both good and bad; and we need a set of guiding principles for encouraging the good while moderating and controlling the bad.

The most perplexing problem, however, is that of group rights. Groups do not *have* rights in

America; only individuals do. But groups have interests, have problems, have identities, and ought to have responsibilities. Mrs. Dawidowicz and Mr. Goldstein observe that "the predominant political philosophy of the English-speaking countries is individualistic and rationalistic; it understands how individuals can act in their own interest, but is not able to deal with the impact of groups and group traditions." In accordance with this tradition, the best we have been able to do is prohibit discrimination against an individual because of membership in a group. It may be there is no need to go further; it may even be that much harm is to be had from going further. On the other hand, group rights certainly precede individual rights in human history, and perhaps the relation between them is not antagonistic or mutually exclusive. Perhaps there is a sequential relationship: until a people has obtained the strength that comes from collective rights, individual prerogatives will not be able to take its members very far. The relevance of this problem to our present situation is only too obvious; and if we do not cope with it properly, it will end by tearing us apart.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

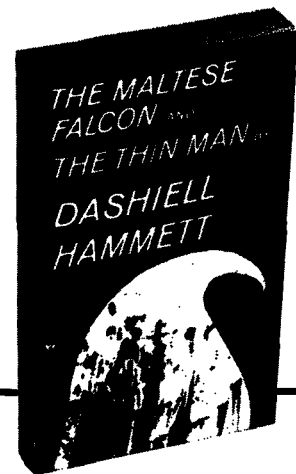
NATHAN GLAZER is professor of sociology at the University of California (Berkeley).

ROBERT LANGBAUM's book on Isak Dinesen, *The Gayety of Vision*, is being published early this winter by Random House. He is professor of English at the University of Virginia.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, a new contributor, is the former editor of *Punch*.

BEN HALPERN teaches at Brandeis and is an editor of the *Jewish Frontier*; his most recent book is *The Idea of the Jewish State* (1962).

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN is the co-author, with Nathan Glazer, of *Beyond the Melting Pot*.



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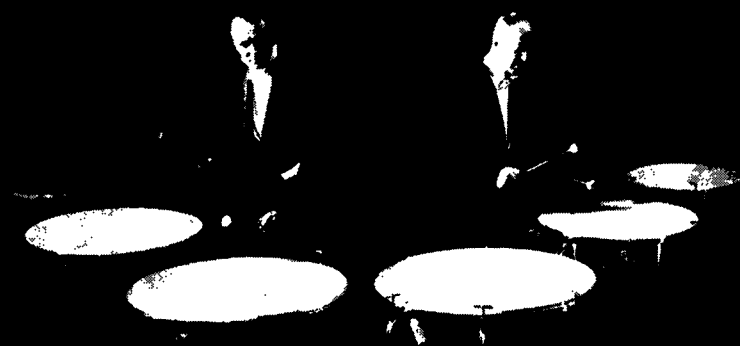
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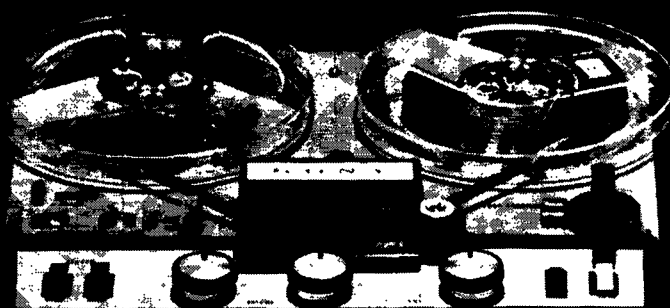
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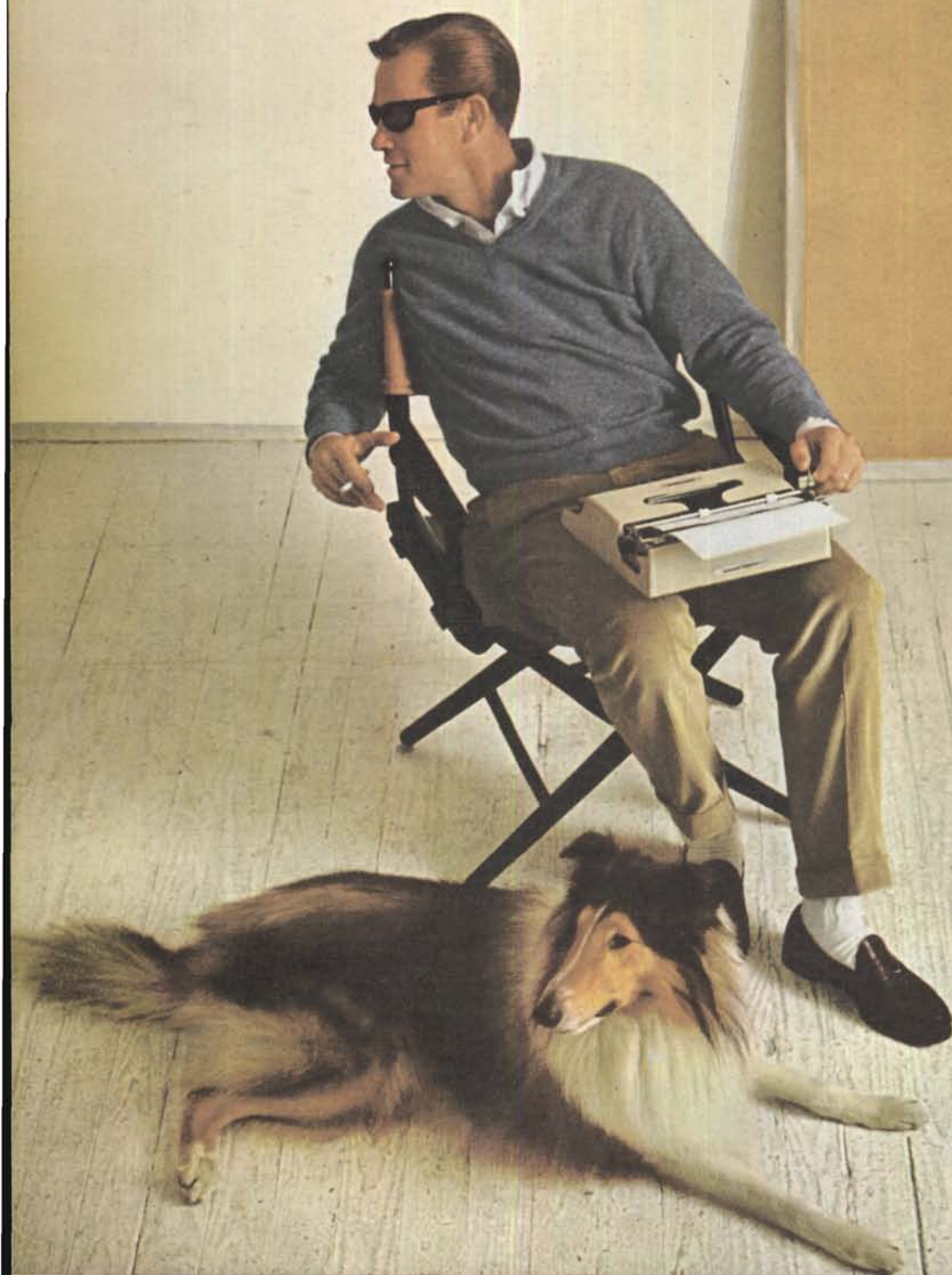
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